THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXVIII. No. 975. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1949 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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COMMON SENSE ABOUT WAGES

THE terms of the compromise which the General Council of the Trades Union Congress is reported to favour with regard to wage policy may disappoint, but can scarcely surprise, the Cabinet; and indignation at the Council's "timidity" is an emotion which can safely be left to the Tory press. It is indisputable that the one advantage which can be derived from the devaluation of the pound is a cheapening, in terms of hard currencies, of British prices; and it is equally obvious that much of that advantage would be lost if no restraint were placed on an upward movement of British wages. But critics of the T.U.C. are apt to forget that it is not a federation with policy-making powers but a consultative body in which the views of a multiplicity of Unions (in some industries overlapping and competing with each other) have to be reconciled. Those who have been taught by Mr. David Low's persuasive pencil to regard the General Council as a lumbering cart-horse more interested in field daisies than in practical realities should remember that, over the past eighteen months, the restraint applied by the Council to wage claims has been surprisingly effective.

According to the Tory press, the General Council should now have proclaimed itself unconditionally in favour of a total wage standstill. Apart from the fact that Unions, representing roughly half the membership of the Congress, have wage claims under negotiation or pending, such a policy would have meant asking over 1,500,000 Trade Unionists to jettison agreements which they fought hard to win, and which provide that wages should move proportionately to the cost of living. These agreements have been honoured by the Unions concerned when invoked by employers in times of falling prices. There was never any possibility of the Unions agreeing to throw them overboard in a period when prices are rising and are likely to rise further. Moreover, apart from these special provisions, the General Council had to recognise that, throughout industry as a whole, the lowest-paid workers have already considerable difficulties in maintaining, on present wage levels, a tolerable standard of life. There could have been no worse statesmanship on the part of the General Council than to adopt a policy which the rank and file would overwhelmingly repudiate.

We find, therefore, no reason for surprise if the General Council finds it impossible to do more than urge affiliated Unions to "go slow" on pending claims, while maintaining sliding scales and the case for increases in the case of lower-paid workers. Clearly the idea of a complete "wage-freeze" must now be discarded from industrialists' and the Government's calculations. But wages are not the only component in production costs. In a leading article, on a later page, we argue that only a tighter control over prices and profits will induce the rank and file in industry to behave reasonably in regard to both wage claims and output. We see no reason to fear that the General Council's resolution will be interpreted by individual Unions as a signal to abandon all restraint and push forward demands for wage increases regardless of the country's very real economic difficulties. Beyond doubt, something must be done to ease the position of the lowest paid workers; and it would be asking too much of the Unions to expect them to abandon altogether the traditional differentials for higher skills, though these may temporarily have to be scaled down.

The degree to which an inflationary upward movement of wages can be controlled depends on a number of factors. So long as the industrial side of the Labour movement cannot wholly neglect the possibility that the Fifties may see a reactionary capitalist Government in power, there are obvious limits to the extent to which the T.U.C. can be expected to commit itself irrevocably to a policy of co-operation with the State. So long also as there is uncertainty how far the next Budget will place the burden of the crisis fairly on the broadest shoulders, and how far steps will be taken by administrative action to mitigate the rising cost of foodstuffs and other essentials brought about by devaluation, the T.U.C. is bound to turn down demands for a complete wage freeze. All of which suggests that the sooner a general election decides the composition of the next Government, the better.

Good Intentions

The American press has reflected evident disappointment in the United States at the response made by the Council of O.E.E.C. to Mr. Hoffman's demands for "integration." The Council concluded with an announcement that one definite step would be taken before the middle of next month; member countries would remove quantitative restrictions on at least 50 per cent. of their total imports from other members on *private* account. In addition, impediments on the movement of funds for tourism and on remittances of immigrants would be eliminated as far as possible. For the rest, however, the resolutions adopted by the Council take the form largely of pious aspirations. Efforts are to be made to enlarge the area in which currencies are transferable; the question of regional monetary union is to be explored; and there is to be further study aimed at encouraging international movement of labour and the elimination of dual prices for the domestic and foreign market. All this falls considerably short

of Mr. Hoffmann's conception of an integrated Western Europe; and, though he is reported in the U.S. press as having declared that he recognised Britain's obligations to the sterling area, there seems to be little doubt that Congress will expect the Marshall Plan countries to do a great deal more before they qualify for a further instalment of aid. The Council has agreed that, whatever sum is appropriated by Congress for the year 1950-51, each recipient shall get a share proportional to this year's allocation. This agreement will obviate a repetition of past higgling over the division of the cake; but it would be unwise to assume that next year's instalment will be on anything like the 1949-50 scale.

British Policy in China

The fact that some American firms are now obtaining licences for exports to Communist China indicates that the State Department is grudgingly beginning to switch its line. Here at least Britain cannot be accused of tagging along behind the U.S.A. Mr. Bevin's refusal to back the Nationalists and his evident wish to exploit in China the goodwill earned by our Indian policy looks like bearing fruit. The wisdom of that policy is confirmed by the evidence of Mr. Michael Lindsay, one of the very few Westerners who lived for four years in the Communist-controlled areas during the war and became personally acquainted with Mao Tse-tung and other Chinese Communist leaders. We print on another page the first of an important series of articles in which Mr. Lindsay, who recently revisited China, describes his impressions of the new regime. One thing is clear from his account: it is early to conclude that the Chinese Communists want no contact with the West. The revolution is still in its early stages; and both conditions and ideas are so fluid that sweeping generalisations of any kind are absurd. What is required is a continuation of the patient and cautious empiricism which has so sharply distinguished British from American policy in this area.

Anglo-Israeli Relations

Mr. Ben Gurion's remark that Anglo-Israeli relations have somewhat improved is an understatement. In contrast to the days, ten months ago, when British planes were shot down by Israeli Spitfires, the improvement has been immense. It is due in large measure to the difficulties which Israel is meeting in its declared policy of showing equal friendship to the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. The Soviet Union is showing increasing hostility to Zionist organisation in Eastern Europe, and seems already to have written off Mr. Ben Gurion and his colleagues of the Jewish Labour Party as Social Fascists of the Bevin-Blum brand. The U.S.A., relieved, since the Israeli State's creation, of its major obligation to the American Zionists, and aware that their influence on American Jewry is waning, has begun to show a duplicity in its relations with Jews and Arabs which reminds one of British policy in the last ten years of the Mandate. For months the State Department, while officially reaffirming its friendship for the Jewish State, has been pressing Tel Aviv to make concessions, both as regards frontiers and in the refugee problem, which would, in fact, mean the ruin of the new State. In these circumstances there is a natural tendency for Israel to seek the support of a third Great Power, particularly since its economic interests are so closely bound up with those of Britain. Foreign Office officials now have the pleasant task of listening sympathetically to Israeli complaints of someone else's double-dealing; and the Board of Trade can at long last assess objectively the potentialities of Israeli trade in relation to the dollar gap.

Fair Deal

This week's American elections—for the most part municipal—showed no signs of the normal mid-term, anti-Administration swing; nor do the inconveniences imposed by the coal and steel strike seem to have alienated the voters. Whatever the newspapers preach, the Fair Deal is still making headway. The most important and explicit test of opinion on national policies was in New York, where ex-Governor Lehman and Mr. Dulles fought a by-election for the seat vacated by Senator Wagner. Mr. Dulles, apart from claiming his indispensability in the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee, tried to learn from Mr. Dewey's mistakes and to win electoral support by an all-out onslaught on the Fair Deal. He accused Mr. Lehman of advocating naked Statism and dragging America even further down the road to serfdom. Mr. Lehman replied by boldly advocating the Fair Deal as an advance towards the Welfare State. The result was a handsome Democratic victory which should dispose of the theory that the American people is ideologically opposed to the British Socialist experiment. In fact, the division in American politics to-day is very similar to that in Britain. Mr. Dulles could find a place in Mr. Churchill's shadow cabinet alongside Sir John Anderson, and Mr. Lehman would be quite at home serving under Lord Addison as a Labour Peer.

C.I.O. Discipline

At its annual convention in Cleveland, the C.I.O. at last cracked down on its Left-wing minority. It expelled the United Electrical Workers, its third largest affiliate, decided to exclude Communists and sympathisers from its Executive and prepared the way for the expulsion of eight other unions under Left-wing leadership, which together make up one-tenth of the total C.I.O. membership. These actions are the climax of the campaign to break or isolate the Communists in the C.I.O. The National Maritime Union and the Transport Workers—once firmly under Communist leadership—had already been won back by the anti-Communist caucus, partly through the defection of their leaders, Curran and Quill, from the Left. Philip Murray and his colleagues, who have backed Mr. Truman's domestic and foreign policy, insisted that affiliated Unions should follow the same line. The Left-wing Unions, however, endorsed Henry Wallace's campaign last November, opposed the "tough" policy towards the Soviet Union and have gone along with the Communists on most issues. For the past two years they have been under continuous fire from the C.I.O. leadership, which has permitted anti-Communist Unions to "raid" them for members. The Left-wing Unions may now form a new federation—though they would have preferred to remain in the C.I.O. and have protested that Murray had no right to demand political unanimity from all affiliated Unions. The C.I.O., in turn, will try to win back their rank-and-file. Already, it has set up a rival to the Electrical Workers and in some branches of the U.E., anti-Communists have seized the books and assets. Bitter inter-Union warfare now seems inevitable, with the cards stacked heavily against the Communists.

The Parish Pump

There has been a storm in a teacup this past week over an alleged statement by Mr. Aneurin Bevan of an intention to abolish all the smaller local authorities with populations under 100,000—a statement which the alleged author promptly and forcibly repudiated. What Mr. Bevan might well have said—we have no means of knowing whether he did or did not say it—is that the small local authorities, however important their place in the local government structure, are plainly incapable of taking full responsibility for the entire range of local services, many of which can be effectively carried on only when there is a large population to be served by a single authority. Larger units for some purposes and smaller units for others constitute to-day the greatest needs for satisfactory local self-government; and the sole condition on which the sudden sweeping away of the Local Government Boundary Commission can be regarded as tolerable is the speedy introduction of a comprehensive measure of negotiation involving functions as well as areas, such as was evidently quite impracticable without much larger powers than the Boundary Commission was given by Parliament. The whole question is urgent; for so many local authorities badly need new functions within which to plan their housing and economic development policies that, unless a new pattern is speedily laid down, the sheer pressure of needs will soon put new obstacles in the way of any reasonable comprehensive solution. When a solution is officially put forward, there are bound to be outbursts of protest from many quarters; for an agreed answer is clearly out of the question. It will take a longish time at best to go through the democratic procedure of letting all the objectors have their say; and the sooner the discussions begin the better. Even with an election not far off, cannot the Government give us at least a first outline of the solution it presumably has in mind?

A Lukewarm Wooer

Lord Woolton has now set out to woo the Co-ops in the hope of exploiting the much-advertised differences between Co-operative leaders and the Labour Party over the next stages of the nationalisation programme. The Conservatives are not, however, in at all a good position to bid for Co-operative support, because they have to appear as the friends of the private trader—especially the small private trader—who would like to see every Co-operative store razed to the ground. All that Lord Woolton can promise is that the Conservatives, if they get back to power, will not tax the "divi."—which he is well aware no Government would dare to do or could produce even a plausible case for doing. Beyond that, all he can say is that the Conservatives, though all their favour goes to private trade, will recognise the right of the Co-operatives to exist beside it as a form of competitive enterprise. So lukewarm a statement is not likely to win votes; nor are there in truth very many Co-operative votes to be either won or lost, except by a direct attack on Co-operative trading. Most Co-operative members do not cast their votes as Co-operatives, at all events unless their movement is really threatened. We doubt whether many of them are much moved, as Co-operatives, by the alleged threat to Co-operation involved in the proposed nationalisation of industrial insurance. The Co-operative and Labour Party leaders have been meeting recently to discuss this among other issues; but it is not yet known what they have said. Meanwhile, rumours are about that the Labour Party may drop or at least modify its proposals about insurance, to which a section of the insurance agents, as well as the Co-operatives, are offering opposition. We do not pretend to know about this; what we are sure of is that both the Labour Party and the Co-operative movement had better begin making up their minds about the right place of Co-operation in the society of to-morrow.

PARLIAMENT : False Loves

Wednesday

IT's a hard life being Woolton. Imagine what it must be like to spend months making up to the Trade Unions and saying you love them; then weeks on one knee before the Co-ops and saying you love them too. And then along come some blundering colleagues in the House who imply that the wooing is, so to speak, *ad hoc*.

Tory speeches in the last few days have thrown doubt on Woolton's claims that the authentic Party of the working-class and the true champions of the Co-ops are the Tories. On Thursday, at ten o'clock precisely, Glenvil Hall, much barracked and taunted, wound up the Government's case for an increased profits tax. Throughout the day, from Douglas Jay's forthright opening, the argument that those who benefit from devaluation should make a contribution in the interest of those who suffer from it, was unanswered. After John Diamond had given the Tories some elementary lessons in cost-accountancy, all they could urge was that less profit—"incentive" they called it—would mean less effort by the employers.

But when Glenvil Hall sat down and the debate seemed over, Eccles rose to continue it. The Bill was exempted Business. The normal characteristic of Eccles' style is frankness, calm logic and an apocalyptic smugness. His frankness does not accord with his Party's line—neither in the matter of devaluation nor of full employment. He was blunt enough to say that "what is required is the courage to deflate." He accepted the logical consequence of unemployment, and he offered the choice of half-a-million out of work now, or three million later. Labour Members who incited him to avow from the Tory benches the classical capitalist doctrine, otherwise reserved for the *Economist*, were quick to compare his alternatives with Woolton's promises.

Eccles' candid speech was followed on Monday by an adjournment debate on the Scottish Co-ops, initiated by Sir David Robertson. He objected to a letter written by an area manager in which he brought pressure on employees to register with the Co-operative Society. No one could accuse Robertson of what Irving called "sweethearting the Co-operative Movement." Nor even of sweethearting Strachey or Edith Summerskill, who had to reply. He charged the Minister with misrepresentation, pomposity and arrogance, and declared the "whole business unsavoury." More, he accused him of striking, by certain "preferential allotments" to the Co-ops, a "crude, ruthless blow" at the private traders.

But Robertson, like many others who use strong words, is sensitive; and when Edith Summerskill attributed to him the desire to be "venomous and malicious," he rose, with the support of a Tory *claque* numerous for an adjournment debate, to protest. The Parliamentary Secretary withdrew her terms; then asked him to look at himself in the mirror when he got home in order to confirm her diagnosis. This penal suggestion was naturally resented by Robertson. He called it "outrageous conduct from any Minister" to recommend that he should look at himself in the mirror, and the debate ended in a flurry of resentment, though not before the Minister had explained that the manager had been reprimanded, and the real Tory attitude to the Co-ops had been clarified.

The principle of equal rights for women, of which Dr. Summerskill is the proponent, induced more Members to support the Married Women (Restraint upon Anticipation) Bill than did the urge to help the Mountbattens. For once, the substance of a legal Bill was clear even to laymen, and two most effective speeches in its support, one by Leah Manning and the other by Wyatt, were based on moral rather than technical arguments. Mrs. Manning wanted justice for women; Wyatt defended the right of rich men not to be Tories.

The only Socialist to vote against the Bill, though many abstained, was Turner-Samuels. He opposed it, not because of its legal principle but because of its inflationary effect. And the debate ended with Glenvil Hall asserting that a woman should be able to touch her capital without the necessity either of becoming a widow or of living in sin.

MAURICE EDELMAN

FAILURE IN FILMS

MR. RANK'S gloomy apologia to his stockholders and the public is only the latest, most dramatic warning that the British film industry is facing disaster. All this year, things have gone from bad to worse; thousands of technicians are now unemployed and many of the main studios are idle. Next year, unless there is a drastic improvement, production will come to a stop and there will be no new British films coming forward to supply our own cinemas or for export. As things are, it is going to be impossible for the exhibitors to satisfy their legal obligation to give 40 per cent. of their screen space to British features.

This crisis was to be expected. The film industry is now paying the price for mismanagement, extravagance, and for the monopoly that Mr. Rank was permitted to build up during and after the war. Millions of pounds have been invested in film production, and yet it is now apparently impossible for the producers to recover their costs, let alone make a reasonable return upon their capital. Mr. Rank, who controls a large part of the production facilities, has therefore decided that he must withdraw from film-making and concentrate his resources on the lucrative and more stable business of distributing and showing pictures—which, in this hour of difficulty, still yielded a profit of £3½ millions. It is little comfort to recall that his critics predicted that this would happen.

The excuses that Mr. Rank now offers tell only part of the story. He made two expensive gambles. First, he made costly prestige films in the hope of breaking into the American market. Secondly, when the Dalton tax cut off the supply of imported films for several months, he overextended his resources, technically and financially, in the effort to produce more British films. Both gambles failed. He did not earn the expected revenue in America, and his own increased output reached the screens just at the moment when the repeal of the Dalton tax released a flood of Hollywood imports. These facts, coupled with high production costs and the comparatively small proportion of box-office takings which filters back to the producer, account for his losses.

Mr. Rank now asserts that the Treasury is taking too much out of the industry in Entertainments Tax and calls for some remission of this "ruthless" impost. This alone, he insists, would make production profitable, whether the remission is in the form of direct subsidies or permits the producer to get a larger share of the total box-office receipts. There is something to this argument. But like other panaceas which are being touted round Wardour Street, it is open to serious objection unless it is accompanied by other changes. For merely to pump more money into the industry in its present state of chaos and inefficiency would be to postpone the structural reorganisation which is needed.

Every section of the film industry has its own policy. The primary interest of the exhibitors is to find enough films with a strong box-office appeal to fill their screens. The source of these films is immaterial, though Hollywood is preferred, partly because American films do better business on the whole, and partly because the Americans are willing to settle for a smaller share of cinema takings. The distributor is in a similar position, living on the middleman's percentage. The British producer, however, wants to get a larger share of the total takings to cover his costs.

Now a great deal of confusion has arisen because Mr. Rank tries to reconcile all three competing interests in one financial concern. He makes, distributes and exhibits films; and he has been trying to adjust his profits and losses across all three operations between studio and screen. The laws of film capitalism drove him to do this. Only so, could he command the capital and equipment to make films, and enjoy guaranteed outlets for them, when made. But his original interest was in theatre ownership, which is where the profits are made; and it was inevitable that he should fall back upon this when he ran into serious production difficulties. To-day, nothing would suit the Rank organisation better than to dispose of its production facilities, become once more a mere distributor and exhibitor, and look elsewhere for its films. If the British film quota is cut right down and unrestricted imports from Hollywood allowed to flow in—provided the country can find some way of paying for them—Mr. Rank can continue to make Odeon Theatres an extremely profitable enterprise, whether Entertainments Tax is reduced or not.

The same is true of other exhibitors. If few films are being made here, they must rely upon Hollywood or upon re-issues. Nothing would suit the Americans better. They have been expecting something like this to happen before long. That is one of the reasons why they have been reluctant to make many films in this country. They preferred to wait until they were in a position to make their own terms. If British production comes almost to a stop, they will be able (as they are now doing on the Continent) to rent studios, borrow stars and hire technicians —all at much lower cost than in the U.S. They could earn their money in dollars by reserving all American rights; and they would have British theatres clamouring for their films. Such British producers as remained in business would become their junior partners. This is not a fantasy. Such arrangements are already being negotiated.

The original indictment of Mr. Rank's monopoly was that it was driving independent producers to terms, or out of business. At that time, just after the war, Mr. Rank's own prospects seemed rosy. The problem was how to keep his ambitions within bounds, to prevent the industry from becoming lop-sided, and to give outsiders a fair chance. Government policy then was to help independents to find screen-space for their films and to give them some financial support. This policy, however, was adopted too late to save most of the independents. The main beneficiary of the Film Finance Corporation became Sir Alexander Korda, whose organisation is a somewhat smaller version of the Rank prototype. Early this year, however, it became obvious that it was no longer the pyramiding monopoly that was the problem, but the results of the monopoly's failure. The question now was how to stimulate production and make best use of our resources of talent and equipment. Neither the Government nor the industry has solved that problem, though this crisis has been hanging over them all summer.

Mr. Rank's gamble has failed—and the cost is obvious. But Mr. Harold Wilson has failed too. A policy of timid expediency has proved useless to stop the rot. Treasury money has been pumped into productions by Korda and some smaller firms, and quite a number of films have been made as a result. But nearly all the capital of the Film Finance Corporation has gone. Unless a new supply is forthcoming, all producers will soon be in the same boat as Mr. Rank.

Subsidies are no long-term solution, whether they take the form of direct capital grants or the reduction of Entertainments Tax in the interest of the producers. The demand for such

financial help comes from those who are unwilling to face the fact that the whole structure of the industry is falling to pieces and is in need of rebuilding, not temporary repairs. If the Government is to find the money for film production, it has the right to intervene in a much more drastic fashion. The time for relief has passed. The time has come for reconstruction. Capitalist enterprise has failed miserably to put the industry in order and the State must assume responsibility.

This does not mean nationalisation of the whole industry. The first step is for the Government to requisition idle studio space and pay a rental equal only to maintenance costs. These studios could then be let to producers at the same price—until the owners are able to use the space productively themselves. Next, the Government should set up a "national" circuit. It should nationalise some four to five hundred cinemas, taking over a fair proportion from each of the existing circuits. It would also have to create its own system of distribution. Obviously, State cinemas should take some films from non-sponsored producers and from Hollywood. Similarly, some of the films made under State ægis would be released through normal channels. Finally, the Treasury would give financial assistance to producers using the requisitioned studios. This could be done through the Film Finance Corporation on much the same basis as it is done now. Provided the risk is spread, the gamble would be no greater than the present gamble, and the rewards would possibly be much greater.

This policy, however, would not in itself be sufficient to restore the industry as a whole. Subsidiary measures would be necessary for the private sector that would remain. One of these might well be a reduction in Entertainments Tax, provided that the main benefit accrued to the producer. But the producer might also be given an additional share of the box office at the expense of the profits taken by the renters and exhibitors. On this, the report of the Plant Committee may be instructive, when it has completed its study of the system of distribution. In any case, the purpose of every measure must be to restore the quantity and quality of production.

Such a sweeping reconstruction, obviously, could not take place before the election. But it might well be made an issue at the election. Left to itself, the film industry is going to collapse, and we shall be at the mercy of Hollywood. A Labour Government cannot afford to let this happen. But it will happen unless imaginative and effective action is taken soon. This is Mr. Wilson's last chance to work out a real film policy.

CHINESE COMMUNISTS

I.—RETURN TO NORTH CHINA

My wife and I had left China in November, 1945, after spending nearly four years in the Chinese Communist areas. Shortly before leaving Yenan we had our last talk with Mao Tse-tung. He was bitterly disappointed at the failure of the Kuomintang to observe the terms of the agreement of October 10th, 1945, but still hoped that a settlement could be reached. Other people at Yenan were less hopeful of avoiding civil war. Though everyone was confident of ultimate Communist victory, they talked in terms of a ten years war, if war *did* come.

Since leaving China we had kept up with the main events as far as was possible from outside, but there was a great deal that we hoped to find out when we visited North China this summer. Why had negotiations failed in 1946, and why had the Communist victory come so quickly? Had the Chinese Communist Party changed since 1945, and had it been as successful in winning popular support in the cities as it had formerly been in the countryside? What did our old friends in Peking think of the new regime?

Our first impression at Tientsin was that very little had changed in the Chinese Communist organisation except for the material environment. Many old friends from Shansi-Chahar-Hopei or Yenan were in Tientsin, and we felt that we had come home to familiar surroundings. Instead of the caves of the old Yenan guesthouse, the Tientsin Government ran a guesthouse in a large mansion with an imposing black marble staircase which had been built by the head of the River Police under the Japanese. But there was just the same atmosphere of friendly informality. In the Communist organisation there seemed to be the same unselfishness and the same enthusiasm.

The only really unfavourable first impression was that made by the press, especially in its treatment of foreign news. For example, the Tientsin *Progressive Daily News* carried one article on conditions in America, reprinted from a Russian paper, which alleged, among other things, that no American worker could get enough to eat and that anyone who worked for four or five years in the American automobile industry became a cripple for life. It is only fair to add that this was not a Communist Party paper, and that this article was unusually bad. But all the same, the general standards of foreign news reporting were those of the less reputable British or American press (with bias reversed).

From talks with old friends in Peking it soon became clear that the Communists have been remarkably successful in winning over educated Chinese opinion. The great majority of the students in Peking are enthusiastic supporters of the new regime. What is much more striking is the support of professors who knew the West and have an understanding of British or American institutions. Some of these had attended the "All Circles Conference" in Peking, which was a preliminary to the formation of an elected city government, and were very much impressed by it. The delegates were a really representative sample of Peking opinion. The Communists had encouraged free discussion and had really tried to find out popular opinion and to elicit criticism of their policies and suggestions about changes which should be made. The reaction was to say "This is really democratic even though the forms are different from those of Western democracy."

Of course there is a wide range of opinions, ranging from complete enthusiasm for the new regime to a general lack of sympathy. But the most typical reaction of educated Chinese opinion is a certain misgiving about some aspects of Communist policy (there is, for example, very widespread criticism of the press), combined with a feeling that the new regime offers more hopes for China than any other government in modern Chinese history; its good points so clearly predominate over its bad points that it is worth working for and supporting. People may want to work for the modification of certain points within the new system but not to overthrow it.

In Peking and Tientsin the self-confidence of the new regime can be seen in the very lenient treatment given to members of Kuomintang organisations. The official line is that members of the opposition who show themselves willing to fit into the new society should be given an opportunity to do so. According to one important Communist official, Mao Tse-tung has laid down the principle of avoiding any unnecessary waste of life; he argues in particular that anyone with any socially valuable skill or knowledge should be won over to work for the new society if it could possibly be done. This principle has been carried very far. For example, one professor at Peking National University registered with the police and admitted that he had been a major-general in the Kuomintang secret police organisation; he still holds his professorship.

There is none of the Kuomintang or Japanese practice of making arrests on pure suspicion or applying a principle of family responsibility. Families with members still working for the Kuomintang in Formosa are living unmolested in Peking. In discussion groups, though not in the press, there is considerable freedom of discussion. The Communists are often asked awkward questions (for example, about their attitude to the Russian removal of Manchurian industrial equipment). The general opinion seems to be that it is quite safe to speak freely when any leading Communists are present, but people in the lower ranks of the Communist Party sometimes report as "reactionaries" anyone who beats them in an argument.

As the Communists did not start with any theoretical principles about civil liberties, all this is fairly definite evidence that the new regime does not consider that it faces any dangerous opposition. Away from the main centres, conditions are said to be less good. Local Communist officials are likely to be more intolerant and more impatient of discussion, and, because they are more doctrinaire, are likely to meet more real opposition.

One important factor in Communist strength is the complete absence of any alternative. Many people in North China had great hopes of the Kuomintang immediately after the Japanese surrender, but three years of hopeless incompetence and hopeless corruption completely destroyed these hopes. Even people who were quite unsympathetic to the Communists feel that the Kuomintang did not offer a possible alternative. I heard stories from people who had worked in the Kuomintang organisation which showed that Mao Tse-tung's hopes of avoiding civil war had been disappointed because of Chiang Kai-shek's blind faith in his own propaganda. He had really believed that he could win the civil war in a few months and had, therefore, never been willing to make genuine concessions in order to reach a compromise. People who had been in the Communist armies told me that the rapid Communist victories had come from the incompetence of the Kuomintang command and that American supplies had been important in hastening the Communist victory. (Without captured American artillery, it would have been hard for the Communists to take Kuomintang strong points and the war might have dragged on much longer.)

What remains of the Kuomintang in North China is an underground terrorist and intelligence organisation. While I was there, the Peking Public Safety Bureau put on an "Anti-Secret Agent Exhibition" which showed that the Kuomintang underground had been an elaborate organisation in the first months of Communist occupation. In the cities, the organisation has been largely destroyed by the combination of good detective work and lenient surrender terms, but it is still a problem in parts of the countryside. The class struggle has been more bitter in the country; and wherever there had been

a strong landlords' militia and powerful secret societies, there was a ready-made anti-Communist organisation. One informant said that the first group of Communist officials to go into Manchuria lost about 20 per cent. of their strength through assassinations; and there is still a certain amount of banditry and disturbance, especially in the newer Communist areas.

While the Communists have been very successful in winning the support of the educated and politically conscious sections of Chinese opinion, they have not yet got the mass support they had in the older Communist areas; because they have not been able to offer the same inducement of better living conditions. Through circumstances largely beyond its control, the new Government faces very difficult economic problems. In North China a drought which ruined the wheat crop was followed by floods worse than 1939, and floods were also serious in Central China. On top of this, grain imports have stopped, the blockade has caused considerable dislocation, and a large army has still to be supported. In the older Communist areas, the land reform has produced a considerable rise in productivity and raised the general standard of living; but in the newer country areas the bad harvest and high taxation are said to have produced very difficult conditions and some people fear local famines before next harvest. In the cities there are complaints of high taxation and the rising cost of grain, and some forms of business have been hard hit by economic and social changes.

The result is that a lot of people say, "We are supposed to have been 'liberated' but we are worse off than we were before." There are also plenty of people who are dissatisfied with some aspect of Communist administration, sometimes rather irrationally, but sometimes because of real Communist mistakes. The result is that it is quite easy to collect examples of dissatisfaction with the new regime, but it is hard to say just how much of this dissatisfaction amounts to real opposition. Given a reasonably good harvest next year and given a reasonable tidying of standards in administration, the new Government has every chance of going ahead to win general popular support. MICHAEL LINDSAY

THE NEXT STEP

THE danger in the state of affairs which has followed on the announcement of the Government's programme of "cuts" is that many people, finding that no great immediate hardships are being inflicted on them, may jump to the pleasant conclusion that there never was much amiss, and that all the advance publicity given by the press to "The Impending Axe" was no more than a newspaper stunt. A stunt it was, and a mischievous one, designed to create despondency and mistrust of the Government; but unpleasant realities are none the less real for having been twisted to serve reactionary ends. The cuts come no nearer than devaluation did to providing a cure for the economic crisis.

This is not to say that the Government's critics have been right in their denunciation of the economies as "inadequate." Their real charge is not that the Government is taking insufficient steps to restore the balance of payments, but that it has refused to do something quite different—to recreate, by deflation and Geddism, unemployment on a scale sufficient to break the power of the Trade Unions and to compel the workers to produce more for fear of losing their jobs. The Tories and their City supporters saw in the crisis an opportunity for getting rid of a controlled economy, and for making an end of food subsidies and social services financed by taxation of wealth. Their idea was to use the crisis as a means of bringing about a return to the old ways of capitalist enterprise. They claimed, of course, that the long-run effect of their "retrenchment" would be to restore the exchanges to balance through the benefits that would follow upon the enforcement of the severe discipline of deflation on both employers and employees. But what they were really asserting was that the working class had been allowed to enjoy too high a level both of real wages and of social security. There was, accordingly, a general shout of "Too little" when it appeared that the Government intended only such cuts as had to be made because of hard necessity, and was not disposed to admit either that its policy in the last four years had been wrong or that it must now accept the capitalist philosophy which it had been elected to combat.

Nevertheless, though the Government has rightly rejected its opponents' recipes, it is beyond its power to obviate some immediate fall in living standards. As the result of enforced devaluation, some prices are bound to go up. With the terms of trade worsened, and dollars still scarce, there is no way of keeping living standards intact, even with Marshall Aid, unless productivity can be increased enough to provide the necessary additional exports without reducing the supplies available for the home market.

This is the fundamental problem; and the Government's assailants are right in saying that it will not be solved merely by exhortation. The anti-Socialists contend that it will be solved only by putting the fear of God into workers' hearts by the threat of the sack, accompanied by severer administration of the social insurance services. The Government repudiates this contention, but what alternative policy does it propound? So far, almost none; and that is why the Opposition clamour for bigger cuts is doing so much harm. For, unless there is a clear alternative policy for increasing production, Labour's supporters will go on as before, in the hope that the crisis will be surmounted by the Government's measures, while the Government's enemies will shrug their shoulders and, asserting that the country's ruin is the Government's fault, will proceed to hasten it in order to prove how right they are.

What can the Government do to stimulate higher production? One thing it must do is to make the earning of profits harder than it has been in recent years. At present, almost any firm, however inefficient, can earn a profit because it has been deemed necessary to allow prices to be high enough to keep even the least efficient firms at work. The result, inevitably, has been that immense profits have been earned (even if they have not always been distributed) by the more efficient firms. This policy has been justified on the plea that the need for the highest possible aggregate output and the impracticability of replacing obsolete plant make it necessary to offer the inducement of a substantial profit to the least efficient firms. The consequences, however, have been disastrous: not only have the inefficient been unduly rewarded, but the more efficient have been encouraged to tolerate slack management. When it is necessary, for want of sufficient better equipment, to keep inefficient plants and management at work, need they be allowed to earn handsome profits for their owners? A tight squeeze on prices, combined with arrangements for taking over and working under public receivers any business that proves incapable of standing up to the sterner test, yet is worth while keeping in production, would have a marked effect on managerial efficiency. Such a policy would need to be coupled, because of the dollar shortage, with positive compulsion, not merely exhortation, to push sales in the directions needed.

Action of this kind, directed against business inefficiency, would make it much easier to handle the Trade Union end of the problem. Slack management usually means slack workers; the reason why exhortations frequently have no effect on workers' efforts is that many of them feel that they are working quite as hard as their managers, and that their managers do not care greatly whether they work harder or not. This is not to say that most workers—or most managers—are slacking; but there are many who are content with doing a traditional "fair day's work" without putting forth any special effort. There is a tendency to set standards a good deal lower than they need to be set if the crisis is to be overcome, and the ease with which profits can be made tends to engender a false belief that all is well. It is not. Aggregate production has been increasing fast, but not nearly fast enough to enable our standards to be maintained when Marshall Aid is withdrawn.

Exhortation can be expected to work only when it is given something positive to work on. If the Government displayed a much tougher attitude towards the profits of inefficiency, it would be much easier to persuade key workers, whom the rest follow, to take practical steps to raise standards of production in their own working group, and to use joint consultation as a means of pressing for greater managerial efficiency. And the only way of acting on profits effectively, so long as obsolescent plant has to be used, is strict price control *plus* a regular system of taking over and working under public auspices such firms as cannot stand the pace. The next step towards a solution of the economic crisis is not to abandon full employment or the Welfare State but to make reasonable efficiency a condition of business survival.

A LONDON DIARY

IF the world were moderately sane, Western Socialists would have been able to share in celebrating the Soviet anniversary while the Russians would have paid tribute to Britain on Remembrance Sunday. The Soviet revolution was a great spring forward for all the backward peoples of Asia, but it would scarcely have survived the German invasion if Britain had not falsified every Communist prophecy by fighting alone in 1940 and remaining an ally of Russia until the Nazis were defeated. My quarrel with Professor Bernal and his friends is that they are the only people in a position to state these balanced truths in Moscow and that, instead, they simply repeat Russian propagandist statements. If Bernal had said that power in the West tends more and more to be concentrated in the hands of people who believe war is inevitable, and who find only too much encouragement for this belief in Russian propaganda, then he would have spoken a very salutary truth. But to talk about the direction of science being in the hands of people "who hate peace and whose only aim is to destroy and torture people so that their own profits can be assured for some years longer" is unworthy of anyone with a scientific—let alone a Marxist—training. I do not, for that reason, think it was wise of the British Association to lose Bernal's services from the Council. When he wants to co-operate there is nobody more objective in analysis or fertile in suggestion. After all, the British Association is not a political body. In brief, my view is that a silly utterance is penalised in a rather silly way.

The report that the Russians have used atomic energy to blast open the Turgai Gate beyond the Urals to water the plain between the Caspian and Aral Sea is exciting, but needs amplification. (Scientists want to know, for instance, how they disposed of the radio-activity of the soil which can persist for years when an atomic blast is discharged on the ground.) But it is the right kind of idea and recalls a story with a moral which Maisky once told at an H. G. Wells party. The Ambassador claimed to be a scientist in his own right because for 18 months he carried out a scientific mission for Comsol in Outer Mongolia. His constant companion was a priest who had been dead for 800 years—a Father Rubrique, who in the twelfth century had failed to convert the Khan, but who had left an exhaustive journal describing in great detail the nature of the country and the habits of the Mongols. Maisky, on cow-back for months on end, found that in all these centuries the character of the country and the people had never changed. The immutable factor was the climate. At his journey's end, Maisky said, he knew how to change the whole picture—by driving great ventilating shafts through the girdling mountains which shut out the mild rain-bearing winds from the Pacific. "You mean," challenged H.G., "you would move mountains?" "Yes," said Maisky, "and the U.S.S.R. was capable of that." "And why didn't you?" asked John Winant. "Because," said Maisky, "in the years when we could have been bringing prosperity to Outer Mongolia the world forced us to waste our energy building armaments."

* * *

Is a newspaper to blame if it publishes a correct report of an incorrect statement; and, if there is disagreement between the reporter and the "reportee," should one assume the reporter to be wrong? This is the real issue between Mr. Aneurin Bevan and the *Manchester Guardian*, which resulted in one of the most abusive editorials I have ever read. The *Manchester Guardian* never mentioned that Mr. Bevan was speaking under considerable provocation; and sheer rudeness is a very odd way of teaching good manners. On the other hand, Mr. Bevan certainly laid himself open to criticism by his contemptuous reference to local newspapers, which by and large are more responsible and accurate in their reporting than the popular "dailies" and "Sundays." He was surely wrong to assume that either the editor or the reporter of the *Hereford Times* was acting in bad faith. Mr. Isaacs seemed to be making the same mistake last Tuesday in dealing with the *Daily Mail* and the *News Chronicle*. He simply assumed that a denial by a director of the Walsall firm sufficed to prove the reporter had fabricated the story. In this instance there seems to be a clear conflict of evidence between the reporter's notes and the director's denial, on which any reasonable person must keep an open mind. But politicians do not have an open mind about the press. Labour politicians, in particular, tend to believe that, since the press is mainly "agin" Labour, the less people trust their newspapers the better. Remembering how most of the press has treated Labour in the past, this hostility is understandable. But it has one rather serious weakness. The politician, who destroys the credibility of the press, tends to destroy his own credibility as well. In the minds of ordinary citizens the journalists and politicians are all in the same glass house.

* * *

Herbert Morrison has every right to be pleased at the result of the North Kensington by-election. By regaining a seat which it lost last Spring, the Labour Party achieves a majority of two in County Hall. Even more important, this L.C.C. election was a real test of the rival political machines in London; and London—along with Lancashire and Birmingham—is where the Conservatives have made their biggest gains since 1945. With the total poll increased by 9 per cent., Labour was able to turn a minority of 500 into a majority of just over 1,000. This seems to confirm the expert opinion that a low poll still favours the Tories. If there is a good turn-out when the General Election comes, Transport House can feel a reasonable confidence in the result. But will there be? In North Kensington with both Parties operating at full blast, 48 per cent. did not trouble to vote. I have a feeling that the sound and fury of the professional politicians in the House of Commons and the leader writers in Fleet Street, is increasingly discounted by the man in the street. It is not that he fails to respond to Party polemics; he is actually allergic to their strident tones. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Bevan are wonderful fighting cocks and everyone enjoys the display they put up. But it is Mr. Attlee and to a lesser degree Mr. Eden who are taken seriously, precisely because they do not sound like "good Party men." The gap between the mood of the non-Party public and that of the politically conscious minority in the Party machines has never been greater. That is why I am still willing to bet that Mr. Attlee will win the election. He rouses far less fervour among his politically conscious supporters than Mr. Churchill, but he alienates fewer marginal votes.

* * *

In Sunday's sunshine I walked over Hungerford Bridge to watch the progress of the new concert hall. I fell into conversation with a workman on the bridge. He said he had been six years in the Army and could not get a house. Because he had lived up in the North he was at the end of the queue for somewhere decent in London. He thought it all kinds of sanguinary shames; what did the Government want to go putting up a concert hall for when a worker and ex-soldier couldn't get a house? These Exhibition buildings were using enough material and timber for hundreds of houses, and so on. A little elderly man, also taking a Sunday constitutional, joined in. "What a Government! First thing they did in Parliament was to put up their salaries." Their one idea was to give the worker 'easy money'; *he'd* had to work for his living, and now he was seventy-two. The worst thing of all was family allowances. "To pay a woman for having children was to make a prostitute of her."

* * *

This was more than I could stomach. I suggested that family allowances, on the contrary, made a mother an independent wage-earner instead of her husband's kept woman. The two conversations drifted apart. The little man, who objected to the social services, was just plain jealous. He had worked very hard for small wages all his life and could not bear to see how much better things now are for the worker. He is a very Tory type; he will vote Conservative and, at a pinch, would probably go Fascist. But the young worker, who started by talking in the same strain, will not vote Conservative and is well aware how much better off he is than he would have been after the first World War. At least he has a job. He agreed that it might be necessary to build some things apart from houses. If the Exhibition brought in dollars, it would be justified. He was just browned off because he was still living in lodgings five years after he came out of the Army. There is more instruction in these two conversations than in many social surveys. Add up all the people who begin by cursing the Government and it doesn't sound as if Labour had a dog's chance in an election. But let the conversation run for half an hour and you discover the difference between the capitalist-minded people and Socialists with a grouse.

CRITIC

STAB IN THE BAG

The forces of privilege and reaction . . . are pouring out their money to try to destroy the People's Government. . . . In addition to Woolton's million, there are the campaigns of the Insurance Companies and Lyle and Tate.—*Mr. James Griffith. Nov. 1st.*

The Welfare State thinks the world of Mum,
And Mum owes all to the State;
She knows from whence her rations come,
And why she gets full weight,
And the State retorts to the scare reports
Of Messrs. Lyle and Tate.

The sugared blandishments of Lyle
Assail Mum's ear in vain;
The slogans of commercial guile
She will not entertain;
The sugar plot is a dastard shot
In the anti-Mum campaign.

For Mum the State wields price control,
At which the Tory sneers;
It won the duel of Mum *v.* Coal,
And the battle of Mum *v.* Peers,
So the State can smile when Tate and Lyle
Seek to play on the housewife's fears.

Food subsidies to Mum appeal,
Though Tories may rebel,
And soon the combat of Mum *v.* Steel
Will give her the Steel cartel.
She can trust Whitehall that the price will fall
When sugar is Mum's as well.

The State removes Mum's discontent,
Which makes Lord Woolton glum;
To her the Welfare Government
Has been a real good chum,
So Lyle and Tate can't alienate
The loyalty of Mum.

The Ministers at once unmask
This pre-election gag;
The housewife's welfare is a task
In which they will not flag—
They know the fate of the Welfare State
Is in Mum's shopping bag.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

A scullery, where dishes are washed, cannot be a living-room, which is where members of a family sit round the fire and fill in their football coupons.—Police Court report in *Daily Herald*. (Allan M. Laing.)

—told Hendon magistrates to-day that he fought a 20-minute duel on the stairs of his Camrose Avenue, Edgware, house with an axe against a woman wielding a poison-tipped lance used in the Spanish War . . .—*Evening Standard*. (J. W. Brannan.)

Young lady would like talkative Parrot for company; parents recently died; must be cheap.—Advt. in *Bristol Evening Post*. (F. E. Foweraker.)

Mr. J. Gibson Jarvie, 66, chairman of the United Dominions Trust Ltd., and a director of twelve companies, told businessmen at a meeting in London last night: "In any democratic country there must be capitalists. There must be rich and poor."—*Daily Mirror*. (H. Kent.)

PIECK AND PUSHKIN

GEORGIJ MAXIMOVICH PUSHKIN, Stalin's first Ambassador to Wilhelm Pieck's German Democratic Republic, is an able diplomat. In 1944, he entered Hungary with Marshal Tolbukhin's forces and became Voroshilov's political adviser in Budapest. What has 73-year-old Wilhelm Pieck to expect from this formidable young diplomat who is fully thirty years his junior? The chances are that the "Father of German Unity" will be glad to have Pushkin around. It would be wrong to assume that the difference in age corresponds to a difference in outlook. Pieck is just as diehard a Stalinist as is his new Soviet chief.

The internal situation in the German Democratic Republic resembles only in some respects the situation which Pushkin found in Hungary. Wilhelm Pieck has been trying to streamline the Soviet Zone ever since 1945, and with some success. Its structure has been transformed politically, economically and socially until it now corresponds near enough to the Moscow pattern. With the transfer of governmental authority to the Germans, the Soviet object must now be to prevent this new structure from sliding back and to help the Communists, who remain in a minority, to clear up "pockets of resistance."

It is in this respect that Pieck has been least successful. He succeeded in breaking up the Social-Democrats and absorbing the Left Wing in the Communist-controlled S.E.D.; but he failed to secure enough voting strength to lift the latter above challenge. The elections of October, 1946, and the plebiscite for the People's Congress in May this year, when almost a third of the recognised votes went against him, showed the strength of the articulate opposition. Hence the manipulation, illegal even under the constitution prepared by the People's Congress itself, which quietly transformed this body into the Lower Chamber of the new Republic and postponed parliamentary elections until October, 1950.

This constitution is a very flexible instrument, which should enable Pieck and Pushkin to clear the path towards these elections. At Bonn, Dr. Adenauer is fully alive to this. His Party mouthpiece has already pointed out that under the new Government the Socialist Unity Party "will take far more ruthless measures against the remnants of the Opposition than has been possible under direct Russian control. Repression will now become a purely internal German affair, and within a year the regime will be strong enough to risk a General Election and thus obtain a legal title."

This is probably true enough, but here the parallel with South-Eastern Europe ends and that with the West German Republic begins. How does Herr Pieck's Republic compare structurally with that of Professor Heuss in regard to their respective relationships with their patron allies? There are as many parallels as there are differences. Military Government has been abolished in both Germanies; but while in the West this marks a genuine structural change, with the personalities of the Military Governors effectively split into Military Commanders of occupation troops and civilian High Commissioners, in the East it is hardly more than nominal. General Chuikov remains complete and whole; he retains his military rank and functions while also heading the new Soviet Control Commission which, staffed largely with his old officers, will "supervise the fulfilment of the Potsdam Agreement and other Four-Power agreements concerning Germany." With his political adviser, Semenov, in the background, he is, in fact, a military High Commissioner with a considerably wider field of authority than his Western opposite numbers: he controls demilitarisation, decartelisation and "security camps" and exercises a decisive influence in police matters.

Pieck's claim that his Republic will be more sovereign than its Western counterpart, since it "is responsible to the German people and not to a High Commission," has little foundation: the well-sounding statement that it is not tied to an Occupation Statute has even less. For such a Statute has now arrived in the person of Ambassador Pushkin, with all the advantages (or otherwise) which a live diplomat has over a dead document. According to Herr Grotewohl the future relationship between the Soviet Control Commission and his Government will be worked out and regulated by the Ambassador. But Pushkin will be his own interpreter.

The remaining concessions made to Pieck, namely, free trade relations, a Foreign Ministry, and diplomatic representation abroad, weigh but lightly against the presence of Pushkin. Regarding trade, Professor Erhard is several jumps ahead of his Eastern colleague, since the disbandment of the Joint Export and Import Agency makes him almost complete master in his own house. For the rest, even Soviet Republics like Finnish Karelia have a Foreign Minister, but little is heard of their activity. On the other hand, it is significant that Herr Dertinger, the Foreign Minister, was not allowed to send one of his former Nazi friends as envoy to Moscow. Herr Appelt was chosen, a German only by name, who is in reality a veteran Czechoslovak Communist and a friend of President Gottwald.

The pattern is thus plain. Stalin's all-German design, if it ever existed, has been abandoned in favour of an orthodox People's Democracy. This means that the division of Germany into two States is now definitive, and that before long the zonal demarcation line must harden into a regular frontier. Unification of Germany can now be seen only at the price of unconditional surrender; and the idea that the clean division may be of advantage, since it will make it easier to find a *modus vivendi* between the two States, is only too likely to prove an illusion.

There is probably no precedent for the complications with which the two Republics will have to grapple in their inter-German relations. Neither is prepared to recognise the other, since both claim to act as trustees for the whole of Germany. The contacts of daily life, however, will make an exchange of goods and persons inevitable, as they do even now, and the resulting contradiction between law and reality has been rightly called by Professor Carlo Schmid a "cold civil war."

This is no exaggeration. Will Herr Dertinger's passports be recognised by Dr. Adenauer's frontier police? Will the police chief of Hamburg respond to a request from his colleague at Dresden and extradite a criminal? It is a wonder that the recently concluded trade agreement between the two States was signed at all, for Professor Erhard declined to sign it on the grounds that his signature would imply recognition of Herr Pieck. Eventually a subordinate official scribbled his name under this document, but one will never know in whose name and on whose authority he did so.

Equally, Western Germany's relations with the East European bloc—at present looked after by the High Commissioners but soon to be transferred to the office of a state secretary in the Bonn government—will produce insurmountable difficulties. Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria, all countries with which Western Germany now maintains trade relations of importance, have already indicated that they will accept consular and diplomatic representation only from the Pieck government. Only Marshal Tito has so far declared that he is not recognising either because neither has asked to be recognised by him. Presumably West German interests in Eastern Europe will in future be taken care of by enterprising private individuals without official status.

The position of foreign Powers *vis-à-vis* the two German States will be just as difficult. Already Switzerland and Sweden have let it be understood that they wish to be represented in both Germanies. The head of the Swiss mission in Berlin was conspicuous by his presence at the inauguration of the Pieck Government; and the Swedes—at present negotiating at Bonn for the accreditation of a Consul-General with the High Commissioner's Office—will probably authorise their consul to open a branch office at Berlin. South American Governments, whose main interests lie in Western Germany, are likely to adopt the same device.

To the Allied Governments this solution—ingenious as it is—does not recommend itself, for obvious reasons. Yet they too will soon be faced with the fact that the East German Democratic Republic is a reality and that, however restricted its sovereignty, relations of an official character must be established. The difficulty is that these must be so devised as not to prejudice the Bonn Government's claim, underwritten by the Western Powers, to be representative of the whole of Germany. In their search for precedents and analogies, the Western Powers may stumble on the device, employed by Mr. Chamberlain when he sent Sir Maurice Peterson as an "agent" to General Franco's Burgos government. This may be the solution, although the term "agent" would have to be changed. It does not now ring well east of the Elbe. PETER DE MENDELSSOHN

JUST NERVES

A DOCTOR, who joined us after dinner, skipped the coffee, refused a cigarette and was rash enough to say that he was "humouring" an incipient duodenal ulcer. Rash, because there were four specialists in our group, and doctors love discussing another doctor's complaint. They do it with the morbid relish of a hen-party indoctrinating an expectant mother in the miseries of childbirth. And in both instances the "helpful" advice is invariably conflicting.

This was no exception. The consultant physician advised conservative treatment: "Alkalise, my boy, alkalise! Nothing to beat the good old 'Sippy Method.'" The consultant surgeon shook his head. "Just postponing the evil day. We surgeons see it all the time. You fuss around with milk diet and bismuth and then—woosh, an emergency call and you are on the operating-table. Better let us get at it early." The physiologist discoursed on the gastric juices and enzymes, on the relation of anæmia to gastric ulcers and of the new Vitamin B12 to anæmia.

Meanwhile, the psychiatrist was tapping the tips of his fingers and pursing his lips. I waited for it; I knew it was coming—that blessed word "Psychosomatic." It did. "You know, old man," he began, "your ulcer is of emotional origin. Mental strain and anxiety. Your mind is reacting on your bodily processes. It is a psychosomatic complaint. You ought to see a psychiatrist."

That's it! Psychosomatic. It is innocent enough and sensible enough in itself; it means body-mind relationship. But, in America, its exponents are rigging it to the proportions of a cult. I notice that some doctors here roll it affectionately round the tongue ("It impresses the patient," one of them confessed. "Instead of saying, 'It's just nerves, madam,' and losing a patient, you call it 'psychosomatic disturbance,'

and she tells all her friends how up to date you are.")

I am not suggesting that there is nothing in it. Indeed, by definition, there is everything in it—mind and body, the whole works. By the same token, the psychosomatist should be the Compleat Physician, yet, in practice, apparently, psychosomatic medicine is claimed as the province of the mental specialist and the body disfunction is approached through the mind. But the converse is equally valid—that a mental condition may be due to a bodily condition. For instance, an unhappy state of mind may induce a stomach ulcer, but a stomach ulcer also produces an unhappy state of mind. Recently, in a mental hospital, I saw a suicidal melancholic who was smiling cheerfully and apparently quite normal after an operation on her gall-bladder.

To go deeper, the intervention of the physiologist about Vitamin B12 was not irrelevant. Anæmia is often a pre-disposing cause of gastric ulcers, and the failure to produce blood-corpuscles is concerned with the potent factor, recently isolated and called Vitamin B12, which is secreted by the liver. Is a mental state responsible for supplies of this secretion being cut off? Or is it a nutritional deficiency?

There have been elaborate claims made in the United States that psychosomatic medicine can successfully treat rheumatism, get rid of arthritic swellings of the joints by tackling the mental state. But, in the past, specialists have also claimed success (not unfortunately commonplace) in treating rheumatism by clearing up septic conditions. That is to say, rheumatism in such cases is apparently of germ origin, and can be relieved by removing tonsils or decayed teeth.

Now, all discussion of rheumatism is radically changed by the discovery of "Compound E," which may well prove to be as spectacular as the discovery of insulin in 1922. This is a substance isolated from the adrenal glands, the capsules on the top of the kidneys which, administered to severe cases of rheumatoid arthritis, gives dramatic relief within a few hours, and the patient remains free of pain and crippling conditions so long as the substance is given. When it is stopped the patient relapses. Like insulin, in diabetic cases, Compound E has to be injected regularly—at least once a day. And the trouble at the moment is that it is so difficult and expensive to extract that it costs £50 a dose, or, at a minimum, £18,000 *per year per patient*. There are also side-effects, like startling obesity and a risk of women patients growing beards and developing masculine traits. This latter is not surprising because it has long been known that disfunction of the adrenals can, in extreme cases, produce an actual switch-over of sex.

Another extract, less effective but still significant in rheumatic treatment, is obtained from the pituitary, the pea-like gland at the base of the brain. This has been called "The Conductor of the Gland Orchestra," since it stimulates, by its own secretions, the activities of the other glands—adrenals, thyroid, etc. It is cradled in the oldest part of the brain—the primitive part which existed before the vast superstructure of 10,000,000,000 cells was erected to form the human brain, with its Mind, Will, Memory and complicated emotions. The processes of the brain-cells and the nervous system are electrical but those of the pituitary are chemical. So here, in the inter-relation of the brain and the pituitary, we have telegraph messages being converted into chemical prescriptions.

It is perfectly logical, therefore, that a mental upset which confuses these messages may mean that the wrong dispatches are going out from the pituitary to the adrenal, "bottle-necking" secretions of Compound E and creating rheumatic conditions. On the other hand, something, without reference to brain or pituitary, may be wrong at the "branch factory," i.e., the adrenals, which cannot deliver the goods. Or there may be interruption or disturbance at any part of the system.

A London doctor, for example, claims to treat rheumatoid arthritis by injections of local anæsthetics, not at the site of the pain (e.g., the swollen wrist) but at a nerve centre related to that site. He claims over 500 successes and he has grateful patients, including friends of my own, who swear by him. On his argument, the pain of rheumatism is "transferred" and the (apparrent) pain in the joints is due to a source far removed, like pains in the arms which are caused by heart-trouble. By finding the "local exchange" in the nervous system through which the painful messages are being transmitted he breaks the circuit by anæsthesia. There would not seem to be anything inconsistent between this and the wider implications of Compound E, or of the psychosomatic theory. They can all be phases in the same system.

The trouble with specialists is very often that they think that the answer which serves in some cases is the whole answer. They canvass their speciality to the exclusion of others. They ride their hobby-horses hard—vitamins, hormones, ultra-short-wave therapy, colonic irrigation, or what have you. Yet there are essential virtues in most of the "cults." Conventional medicine cannot discard, by ridicule, what is valuable in osteopathy, homeopathy, naturopathy, or even faith healing (which seems precious near to psychosomatic medicine). Sir Herbert Barker survived the doctors' "excommunication." A homeopath is to-day the principal Royal Physician. Tring has its adherents among my hard-headed acquaintances. Cripples (call them "hysterics," if you will) do sometimes throw away their crutches as an act of faith. But those who make extravagant claims for one or other discredit the limited good. When an osteopath tells me he can cure diphtheria or diabetes by manipulation, I know the brief and vulgar answer. If a faith-healer pretends to remove the organic ravages of a cancer by prayer, I call it blasphemy.

Recently I went to a mental hospital where they bar psychiatrists ("trick-cyclists," the medical superintendent called them). They start all mental treatment on the assumption that it is of organic origin. They "clean-up" septic foci—sinuses, tonsils, bad teeth, obstetric sepsis, cysts, and so on—and mental repair ensues. Their statistical correlation of infected sinuses to mental disorder is impressive. The rate of discharges would seem to show that the "cleaning-up" has beneficial effects. But this somapsychic medicine—this looking-glass image of psychosomatic medicine—seems as unreasoning in its exclusions as psychiatrists are apt to be when they relate everything to emotional conditions. For instance, I was given the case-history of a sexual-pervert, referred to the hospital by the Courts. They had "cleaned-up" his sinuses and restored him to society. "The psychiatrists," said the doctor, "would have put it all down to the fact that he had been emotionally outraged in infancy. See," showing me photographs, "he is a characteristic type of the effeminate male—sloping shoulders, wasp-waist, narrow hips." When I protested that sinuses at the age of thirty could not have produced these skeletal formations, I was blandly told that they were due to septic tonsils, which upset his glands, at the age of five. Heads—tonsils! Tails—Œdipus complex! When the coin stands on its edge, we will be somewhere near the truth.

As I argued with those specialists, who were wrestling with the doctor's duodenum, they were like a group round a wireless set, when an orchestral piece suddenly jars. The musical member would want to lynch the first violin; the one who knew all about receiving sets would say "Loose connection." A B.B.C. engineer might blame the studio-microphone. The expert on the ionosphere would say "Sun spots." Each within his *expertise* would have the glib answer. The truth can only be got by detailed investigation of all the relevant factors.

"Yes," said the doctor-patient grimly, "Post-mortem."

RITCHIE CALDER

THE BELGRADE ARGUMENT—II

In Belgrade, armed intervention by the Russians themselves—and not by any of the satellites—is considered the only danger in the immediate future, and these apprehensions are typified by Tito's latest warning that "an invasion of Yugoslavia would unleash World War III." But would it? Would Britain and America embark upon the desperate gamble of an atomic war against Russia because of Yugoslavia? Would not another "Munich" be staged? That seems more probable; but what is even more probable, indeed certain, is that World War III would be brought terribly near by such a "Munich"—as was the case in 1938-39. Unless, therefore, the Russians are prepared to risk a World War within a year or two, it seems most improbable that they will invade Yugoslavia. For the truth of the matter is that although there may be a good deal of discontent in Yugoslavia, it is not, in the main, the kind of discontent that looks to Russia for a solution. No doubt, if the Russians were, by force, to set up a Cominform Government in Yugoslavia, there would be thousands of opportunists and plain ordinary citizens who would back the winner—all for a quiet life, just as there were thousands who served the Nedic administration and other quisling governments in Yugoslavia during the war. But a spontaneous pro-Cominform rising inside the country is by far the most improbable of all the improbable things that could happen. And this the Russians know.

So, short of an improbable Russian invasion, we are likely to have with us in Europe a Tito Yugoslavia for a good long time to come. That is the attitude taken up by the Western Powers to-day, and also by the curious assortment of business men from the West one sees in the restaurant of the Hotel Majestic in Belgrade—people trying to sell jeeps to the Yugoslav army; others offering to equip a new rolling mill scheduled under the Five Year Plan; strange, Zaharov-like types, heroes of spectacular Central-European bank crashes of the early 'thirties, and now in Belgrade discussing or hoping to discuss mysterious bank credits with the Yugoslav rulers—gnome-like figures with evil eyes, humped backs, and their chins in their soup plates.

A lot of it is purely speculative, short-term business—make a quick profit and never mind what happens to Tito afterwards. But some of it is serious business, conducted in terms of three, four, five years. Though hard-pressed, the Yugoslavs are tough, often pig-headed negotiators; the British Board of Trade, which has been negotiating a five-year trade agreement with Yugoslavia for the past seven months, knows it only too well. Dangling before the Yugoslavs a credit of £13 million will not make them eat out of anybody's hand. By and large, the

Yugoslav policy in relation to the West is to get the largest possible credits, without, however, submitting to any political conditions. So far, they have had a credit of twenty million dollars; they have asked for a further series of credits of 250 million dollars from the International Bank; and they will probably get a first instalment of 25 million with perhaps more to follow. For the rest, they are relying on an increasing volume of trade with the West, on deals with private banks and firms, and, finally, on the possibilities of training some technical personnel in the West or importing specialists and skilled labour—notably from Italy.

Much of this is still very vague, and the impression one has is that the Yugoslavs, despite their numerous difficulties, are eager not to show that they are in a desperate hurry to become in any sense part of the Western world. They are also reluctant to admit that the change-over from East to West will involve, and is already involving, a serious revision of their Five Year Plan. Paradoxically, this revision follows fairly closely the lines of the Cominform criticism; indeed, Western capitalists here have found much of that criticism perfectly reasonable.

The question that has confronted the West is whether Yugoslavia is a sound economic proposition; and the answer, in the main, is that it is. Only everybody—including the Yugoslav leaders, who do not like to admit it—agrees that the 1947 Five Year Plan was over-ambitious. Its figures have become academic now; but the important fact is that, provided there is no invasion, and provided there is some help from the West, Yugoslavia will not collapse economically. There have been numerous disastrous miscalculations; but to suggest that nothing has been achieved in the last three years is nonsense. The post-war reconstruction of roads, railways and bridges has been impressive; so also has been the large-scale development of modern housing in cities like Skoplje and Sarajevo, and the reconstruction of hundreds of towns and villages in the war-devastated areas; many new factories of varying degrees of efficiency have been set up, and in the opinion of experts, the condition and the output of the valuable copper, lead, zinc, bauxite and other mines are remarkably satisfactory, and largely help Yugoslavia to maintain her export trade. Electrification, too, has made considerable progress—though not on a scale provided by the Five Year Plan. A major difficulty is transport, and here undoubtedly the Eastern blockade has had a very serious effect; for Czechoslovakia has been refusing to provide spare parts for the Czech lorries, which are second in importance only to the 10,000 Unrra trucks—and these, for their part, are largely worn out. But the railways, though very short of locomotives, have more goods trucks than is commonly supposed; and, in the opinion of experts, the export trades of Yugoslavia are fairly efficiently organised as regards transport and port facilities.

One of Yugoslavia's difficulties, is, of course, the shortage of foreign exchange; and it is estimated that her adverse annual trade balance to-day is around 50 million dollars. It is believed in Belgrade that it should not be impossible to find credits to cover this deficit; but it is, obviously, a curious dilemma for the West whether Tito should be helped or not. One reason why Tito prefers, in a way, to deal with the West than with the East is that he sees in "progressive" and "liberal" opinion in the West a certain safeguard against being blackmailed and too ruthlessly dictated to by the capitalists. This largely explains the great eagerness on the part of the Yugoslavs to cultivate non-Communist Left-wing opinion in the West.

On the whole, Yugoslav leaders are gradually beginning to admit—though still very reluctantly—that some revision in their earlier plans has become inevitable; and the reception given by Western visitors to the Zagreb fair has not been without effect. *C'est magnifique mais c'est idiot*, one French visitor said about the great display of Yugoslav prototypes—tractors, cars, elaborate machine tools, and what-not—the production of which has absorbed a large proportion of the most highly skilled labour in Yugoslavia, but which remain prototypes for all that, with little prospect of mass production in any foreseeable future. Zagreb was, of course, a great tribute to Yugoslav prestige, but fun is fun; and now the Yugoslavs are beginning to think rather less in terms of prestige achievements, and more in terms of practical possibilities.

The problem is how to use labour more productively. At present, there is still a tendency to work rather on the lines of the Russian first Five Year Plan, based on pick-and-shovel and enthusiasm; but the enthusiasm is clearly on the wane. Like the Russians in the past, the Yugoslavs to-day realise that greater technical efficiency must, sooner or later, take the place of enthusiasm. But this transition is a fairly slow one, and can only be speeded up with the influx of foreign machinery. In short, many of the more ambitious schemes of industrialisation will have to be shelved; a good example of this is provided by the oil industry, where many of the wells have had to be sealed up simply because there is, among other things, no equipment for creating storage facilities.

Even so, the country is advancing economically, though much more slowly than provided by the Five Year Plan. The Eastern blockade, coming on top of the termination of Unrra help, was a very serious blow, but it has not proved fatal. Agriculture has been collectivised nearly 25 per cent.; and, although there has been some serious resistance from the peasantry, especially in Croatia, the food situation, after the first good harvest Yugoslavia has had in five years, is not disastrous, and promises to improve in the next year or so.

What will become of Yugoslavia politically in a few years from now, is one of the hardest things to foretell; her example is unprecedented. She may remain merely an anomaly—nominally a Communist country becoming increasingly "Marshallised"; or she may become a major revolutionary force that will have the most serious repercussions in all the Eastern countries. Finally, there is also a theory among some Westerners, rather given to wishful thinking, that Yugoslavia will somehow manage to combine a Socialist economy with a considerable degree of Western civic liberty. So far, there is no evidence of that; and if there is plenty of free, almost seditious talk to be heard in the cafés of Zagreb, one might say the same of the cafés of Warsaw. That proves nothing. As for the question, often asked by Westerners, whether Yugoslavia is a police State, and how many people are in concentration camps, all I would say is this: of course, Yugoslavia is a police State; and Heaven help Tito if it were not. But is it as "terrorist" as Mr. Vyshinsky claimed at Uno? All I know is that a considerable number of people are in prison, or in "labour camps," but how many, nobody from outside can tell. My own guess is that the number runs into tens of thousands, but not into hundreds of thousands. A peculiarity about Yugoslavia is that a very large number of people *have been* in jail or in a labour camp at one time or another, but that they are back in circulation again. Which is different from Russia. As one anti-regime Yugoslav remarked to me once: "The one great advantage we have over Russia is that we have no Siberia; so people do not, as a rule, *disappear*; moreover, there is not much point, except in some special cases, in keeping people locked up indefinitely." What does, however, happen very often is for recalcitrant peasants, or spivs or Cominformists (not believed to be more than a few thousand) or idle ex-bourgeois to be sent to a camp, for the good of their soul, for six months or a year, and then to be allowed to go home. It isn't nice, but, on the whole, it doesn't seem as bad as the things that happen in some other places. Doesn't look it, anyway. Moreover, this is the Balkans, where there never has been a humane regime at any time. This one is, perhaps, better than most. Which is, of course, not saying much.

Belgrade. ALEXANDER WERTH

SO THEY SAY . . .

LAST Sunday was the 32nd anniversary of the Soviet Revolution, and it was celebrated in Russia with a certain amount of ceremony. The official anniversary speech was made by Georgi Malenkov, Deputy Premier of the Soviet Union. This choice of speaker, writes A. J. Cummings (*News Chronicle*, November 8), "has convinced close students of Russian affairs that, barring accidents, the question [of Stalin's successor] has now been answered." That may well be so; *The Times* diplomatic correspondent seemed to agree.

It might therefore be interesting to know what Stalin's heir-apparent had to say on such an occasion. The national daily press, however, made a lamentable attempt at reporting it. The only reasonable account (apart from the *Daily Worker*, which almost cleared its front page) was in the *Manchester Guardian*, which gave Malenkov 29 inches, or well over a column. Elsewhere he got a very poor show: in *The Times*, 7 inches; *Daily Telegraph*, 5 inches; *Daily Mail*, 6 inches; *Daily Herald*, 5 inches; *Daily Mirror*, 4½ inches; *Daily Graphic*, 3½ inches; and *Daily Express*, 1½ inches. The *News Chronicle* inexplicably gave Malenkov a single inch of its space. Only *The Times* (RUSSIAN "POLICY OF PEACE") and the *Daily Telegraph* (SOVIET WANTS PEACE, SAYS M. MALENKOV) managed to avoid using a bellicose headline to their reports.

For "Ministers" Read "Newspapers"

Daily Mail, November 8:

"BEVAN'S RAGE IS PRESS PHOBIA"

Lord Balfour of Inchrye said at Ilford, Essex, last night: "Ministers, led by Mr. Bevan, are suffering from a fresh attack of 'press phobia' . . . symptoms are acute tenderness to any form of criticism . . . a strong sub-conscious desire to suppress all forms of newspaper comment displeasing to Socialist vanities. Mr. Bevan seems to suffer most acutely on week-end platforms. . . ."

This speech was also prominently reported by the *Daily Express* and *Daily Telegraph*. "Newspapers," however, might well be substituted for "Ministers," and "Ministerial comment" for "newspaper comment," in the above quotation. The previous week-end, Mr. Bevan made a speech in Tredegar, Monmouthshire, which was studiously ignored by the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Telegraph*.

Daily Express, October 31:

Mr. Bevan said ". . . it is almost impossible to understand what is done in the House of Commons by what is said in daily newspapers. I cannot recognise what I myself said when I read it the following morning."

In fact, the only other paper to report this was the *Daily Herald*.

Department of Understatement

News Chronicle, October 31:

. . . the biggest naval occasion of the century . . .

Daily Mirror, October 31:

Interview with the "Amethyst's" look-out: "And what was the trip down the river like?" "Which river?"

Sights We'd Love to See

Daily Herald, November 1:

(*A 70th birthday interview with Hannen Swaffer*): Swaff says Hell exists. Hell is to get to the other side and see, for the first time, the terrible results of some isolated meanness or cruelty you committed—and to be able to do nothing to put it right. Lord Northcliffe, who talks to Swaff constantly from the other side, says that his Hell is to attend editorial conferences of the *Daily Mail*, the newspaper he created, and to listen to their decisions. "Fools! Fools!" he shouts. But nobody can hear him. . . .

AUTOLYCUS

A FAIRY STORY

THERE was once a king who had three beautiful daughters. The eldest was fair-haired, as fair as the corn in the sun. The second was as dark as the pines on the mountain-side. But the youngest daughter had hair as red as the beechwoods in autumn.

One morning the king's eldest daughter said to him, "Father, the time has come when I should get married. A fine young fellow has asked me; everyone speaks well of him, he comes of a distinguished family in the north of the country, he has plenty of money and there's no reason why I should not accept him."

The king answered, "I shall be sad to lose one of my beautiful daughters; but I cannot stand in the way of time. Your suitor sounds acceptable; and if he has plenty of money, that should restore confidence in the exchequer." His daughter smiled dutifully, though she had heard this silly joke a hundred times. A few months later she was married.

A year passed, and then the king's second daughter said to him, "Pop,"—the king winced at this form of address, but he knew that it was usual in the circles in which his second daughter moved—"Pop, I'm going to get married right away if you've no objections. My man's just what I've been looking for, he's got a good job now and he's on his way up, and he's rolling in the needful."

The king answered, "Who am I to make objections, even if my daughters leave me one by one? My only thought is for your happiness. And, if I understand your last phrase correctly, this should help to pay the palace bills." His daughter kissed him as she hurried out, though she was always irritated by the way he talked about the palace. Not wishing to lose any time, she was married within a fortnight.

Another year went by, and the king's youngest daughter said to him, "Father, I want to go home."

"Home?" said the king. "This is our home."

"You know perfectly well what I mean," said his daughter. "There's a young man there, who played with me when we were children, and I've kept up writing to him, though I didn't tell you; well, now he wants to marry me, and I've said yes."

"Alas and alack!" cried the king. "You want to turn your back on your father, and leave him to spend a lonely old age in a silent palace."

"I do wish you'd stop calling this place a palace," said the red-haired daughter. "You know as well as I do that it's a suite on the third floor of the Imperial Palace Hotel."

"But do you really want to go and live in a Republic, or a People's Democracy, or whatever they call it?" asked the king.

"I don't mind," she said. "It's our country, isn't it?"

"That's just the point, it isn't," retorted the king. "And what sort of a life will you have? You'll be poor."

"I don't mind. I love this young man."

"Love—stuff and nonsense!" the king exclaimed. "Just think, you might have made a good marriage, like your sisters."

"I can't see that those marriages have turned out so well, even from your point of view," said his daughter. "You thought you were going to make a good thing out of it, but we hardly ever hear from either of them, and last quarter-day you had to hock your sceptre to pay the hotel bill."

The king had no answer to this, because it was quite true. The next week, he saw his youngest daughter off from a shabby pier at Tilbury.

A few months later he had a telegram from his eldest daughter. It read: *Arriving King's Cross 7.22. Please meet.* The king went to King's Cross, and as soon as the train came in he saw that his daughter wasn't wearing a fur coat, although it was cold, and her husband was without the ivory-headed cane he used to be so fond of.

After they had had dinner, the king's son-in-law said to him, "I say, Pater, I hate talking shop and all that, but I ought to put you in the picture. You may have seen that they shoved me off the Board to make room for one of those trade union chaps. I tried my hand at a couple of other things, but I haven't had much luck. Some fellows I knew in the desert are trying to rally round, but there're a lot of tiresome formalities nowadays, and I've never gone in for collecting those qualifications they keep talking about. I'm afraid it's a case of 'Go anywhere, do anything.' So we've decided to settle in the old metrop. for a bit, just to be on the spot. And we thought, what better place than the old palace?"

"I expect you want me to pay your bills," said the king.

"Well, it's your palace, isn't it?" said his son-in-law. "Your palace, what? Jolly rich."

Not much later, the king had a visit from his second daughter and her husband. They were rather vague about what they were doing in England, though the husband said something about a business trip. When the king urged him to be more specific, he said:

"I guess I'd better lay it on the line. I'm not on the payroll of any firm right now. I'm on a kind of general commission, paid according to what I can fix. Maybe you don't know, but business isn't riding high in the land of the free just at present. I had a good job in a department store, in fact I was in line for vice-president, but sales dropped and they had to cut back. Then I was in radio for a while, but the video killed that. So we figured, why not take a trip and see the family? I got a hot tip the pound's going to be devalued, and that'll cut our expenses. Then, if nothing pops soon, a small loan from the royal exchequer will tide us over till happy days are here again."

It proved impossible for the king to finance his two elder daughters and their husbands and at the same time to live in his usual style. He had to move out of the Imperial into a residential hotel in South Kensington. Then he decided that a hotel was not really a home and looked for a flat, but he hadn't the ready cash to buy the furniture and fittings, and he ended up in a furnished room near Maida Vale.

Things were still difficult, however. The eldest daughter's husband got a job with a cocoa firm in West Africa, but she refused to accompany him, and he found it impossible to send any money home. As for the second daughter, her husband divorced her and married a rich widow from Cincinnati. So the king got his two daughters back. But none of them was earning except for short periods. The B.B.C. gave the king a job as a monitor listening to his country's radio, but he wasn't quick enough and after a few weeks he lost the job.

They used all the money they had left to buy a boarding-house at Hove, called the Seaview Palace. But neither of the daughters had much experience of housework, and they preferred to spend their time trying out ways to preserve their fading beauty. The king did some of the cooking and all the washing up. Even then, they wouldn't have been able to keep going if he had not earned a little money doing translations from his own language.

The king thought often of his youngest daughter, and spent his spare time reading about daughters who rescued their fathers from distress or were the prop of their declining years. He read *Romola* and *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Vanity Fair*. But best of all he liked *King Lear*, and he read it over and over again.

As a matter of fact, he never heard from his youngest daughter. But she had never asked him for any money, and she washed up her own dishes. And so her hair remained, in his memory, the colour of beechwoods in the autumn.

MERVYN JONES

A COSMIC HYMN

Thou art the source and substance of all cosmic life.
We are Thy creatures and the instruments of Thy creation.

Time and Space are the garments Thou hast chosen
In which to manifest Thyself in this our universe.

All things that have breath partake of Thy spirit;
All matter is the embodiment of Thy being.

There is no portion of Space that is without Thee,
And no moment of Time without Thy presence;

And where Time and Space are not, there also art Thou.

* * *

I am a petal on Thy flower; I am a babe in Thy bosom
Through Thy umbilical cord I draw my sustenance.

Because I am one with Thee there is nothing beyond or outside of me;
All knowledge and all sensation are available to me.

But in this casket of my body I undergo separation;
I am subject to the limits of birth and life and death.

Thou has entrusted me with the awesome gift of free choice,
So that I love and hate, I heal and hurt, I kill and I make alive.

Thou hast sent me forth on a high adventure
To experience and explore for Thee the working of Thy law.

When my mission is accomplished and my scroll complete,
Thou wilt break this casket and gather me again unto Thyself.

PETHICK-LAWRENCE

The Arts and Entertainment

THE BEDFORD AND THE EMBASSY

It has been announced that Mr. Anthony Hawtrey is taking into his Embassy Theatre, as joint-managers, Mr. Oscar Lewenstein and Mr. Robert Mitchell, who have done such good work with Glasgow Unity. All parties have given us much in the past, and the current play *The Golden Door*, by Sylvia Rogers, suggests that they are going on to even finer triumphs. I wish I could say the same for Miss Pat Nye and Mr. John Penrose, who have bought the Bedford, Camden Town; but *A Wind on the Heath*, by Ronald Adam, belies the promise of their first successful production, *Lady Audley's Secret*, soon to be seen up West.

"Life is sweet, Brother. There's night and day, Brother: both sweet things. There is likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, Brother," says the programme, and the curtain rises on a drab top-floor flat in Hampstead. The year is 1913. A petulant young man, John Justin, wants to be a singer, and a noble mother risks her capital to give him a chance. A solicitor, nicely played by Ian Fleming, thinks this unreasonable; and he is right. A lodger (it is Pat Nye), massive in black velvet, shuffles in to cadge a bit for a scapegoat son in New Zealand. There's nothing sweet about this, and nothing related to life, so perhaps it's a problem play. Fourteen years on, the flat is lived in by John Justin again, now a different person, a self-pitying ex-officer who has stolen his firm's money, and is caught an hour before the regimental dinner by a mild comedy-with-a-twist-character, whom Peter Collingwood makes both convincing and touching. Through a period of trial his loyal wife, Annabel Maule, pulls faces and contorts herself in agony, but all is well. The money is coughed up by his old sergeant-major, who has prospered in the barrow business, and is richly, robustly, and efficiently played by Campbell Singer. The lodger is still around, this time with a blob of white powder to represent age's stealing steps, and some confident grimaces, notably a pop-eyed tight-lipped stare when she thinks a laugh is due to her. We pass to 1939, and here (unmistakably) is John Justin again, this time in a smock. He is a painter, savage, cynical, bitter, filled with forebodings about the Chamberlain war. He will not lend the old lodger a penny, perhaps because her snow-white wig is not on properly, but probably to show how disillusioned he is. Life has trodden on his dreams; *après moi, le déluge*—when shyly and sweetly in steps an illegitimate daughter, in whom Sheila Shand Gibbs almost makes me believe until the producer builds up a shouting match leading to a change of heart, and out goes the old cynical canvas through the window, and a new, clean canvas is slapped on to the stretcher. Epilogue, to-day: a new couple taking on the flat look pityingly at the lodger's wig which still shows a join at the nape, and the curtain falls.

The play, in feeling and psychology, is straight *Peg's Paper*. I would not blame those actors who looked embarrassed, but the producer, Joan Swinstead, could have done something to bring their disparate interpretations into a plausible whole. As one who very much wants the Bedford to succeed, I must think that the directors ought not to offer this sort of piece, attractive neither to the potential rep. audience round Mornington Crescent, nor to the wider public who want to see them succeed with good new plays, classics, or efficient pieces of theatre.

The Golden Door, a play about an immigrant family, involves one's heart and one's intelligence. Its crudity of plot, and lapses into melodrama, do not invalidate its sincerity of feeling. Lily Kann and Meir Tzelmitier are magnificent in the two principal roles, and Leonard Sachs plays a part stretching over twenty-one years in a way as admirable for technique as for understanding and intelligence. Alfie Bass gives a very good performance as the Bolshie, but he is too dully and priggishly a man of integrity to allow one to believe he could ever stand on a Kremlin platform next to Stalin; and Eveline Garratt, who ideally has not quite the magnetism needed for her role, most admirably convinces us that the years are passing by. All the cast are good, and a boy actor, Malcolm Knight, doubles two very different children most convincingly. This is another American play, less expert than most U.S. successes, but rich in effective theatre, and full of heart. I wish I could think the Bedford and the Embassy had the pick of comparable English writing: then their futures would be assured.

R. D. SMITH

HOW OLD ARE THEY?

What, I have been asked, was my authority for asserting, last week, that Strauss intended Baron Ochs, in *Der Rosenkavalier*, to be "a rustic beau of 35"? In 1942 the composer jotted down some "Reminiscences of the first performances of my operas" which were printed for the first time early this year in a volume of his miscellaneous writings called *Betrachtungen und Erinnerungen*, edited by Willi Schuh and published in Zürich by the Atlantis Verlag. There is so much that is important, interesting and amusing in this little book that it ought to be translated into English. Here is the passage about that "much misunderstood figure, the good Ochs."

> Most basses have hitherto presented on the stage a frightful, vulgar monster with a horrible make-up and proletarian manners, at which civilised audiences (the French and the Italians) have rightly taken offence. That is quite wrong: Ochs must be a rustic beau, a Don Juan [*eine ländliche Don Juan-Schönheit*] of some 35 years, always the nobleman (though a rather countrified one), who can behave himself decently enough in the Marschallin's salon, so that one would not expect her to have him thrown out by the servants after five minutes. He is *inwardly* gross, but outwardly always quite presentable, so that Faninal would not refuse him at the first glance. Above all, his first scene in the bedroom must be played with extreme delicacy and discretion . . . . In fact, Viennese comedy, not—Berlin farce!

Many a Lerchenau might with advantage pin that passage on the wall of his dressing-room. It was one of the virtues of Richard Mayr in this role that from first to last he retained an air of good breeding; on the other hand, I cannot pretend that he ever suggested a man in his thirties, at any rate by the time he reached Covent Garden. He first sang the part here in 1924, when he was 46; and it would be interesting to know whether, when younger, he used also to play it in a more youthful make-up. Though the Ochs of the Dresden *première* was Karl Perron (by 1911 already 53), the Strauss-Hofmannsthal correspondence shows that they would have preferred Mayr if he had been available.

Ochs is not the only character in *Rosenkavalier* whose age is commonly misconceived. As to Octavian, we are in no doubt: Sophie has looked him up in Debrett, and informs us that he is precisely "17 years and 2 months." But what about the Marschallin? Ask an average member of the audience, and you will probably be told "oh, somewhere in her forties." Here again, the composer thinks differently. Although, he says, "in a moment of ill humour she sees herself as an 'old woman' beside the 17-year-old Octavian," she is in fact "a beautiful young woman of 32 at the most."

> Octavian is neither the first nor the last lover of the beautiful Marschallin, who must play the end of the first act not at all sentimentally, as a tragic lifelong farewell, but always with Viennese grace and lightness, with one wet and one dry eye.

These words throw some light on a fact which has often puzzled me. The two most famous Marschallins of the early period, Margarethe Siems and Frieda Hempel, were light lyric sopranos especially famous in such coloratura roles as Lakmé, Lucia and even the Queen of the Night. Nowadays, our Marschallins are almost always recruited (and rightly, I can't help feeling) from the warmer and more emotional type of soprano, such as Lotte Lehmann and Joan Cross. The part has even been tackled by several Brünhildes (such as Leider and Wildbrunn), though never, I fancy, with complete success: one always fancies a suit of armour hanging in the wardrobe.

Salome, by the way, is 16; and whatever Salvador Dali and Peter Brook may have done to Mme Ljuba Welitsch by the time these words are printed—even if they have turned her façade into a chest of seven drawers with a veil in each—we must remember that Strauss conceived her as an oriental princess, "a chaste virgin with the simplest and most distinguished of gestures." Was the old man, with his Bavarian sense of humour, pulling our legs? A little perhaps; more probably he was allowing himself to indulge in some deliberate exaggeration in order to correct vulgar errors, as in his wonderful advice to conductors to play *Salome* and *Elektra* "as though they were by Mendelssohn: fairy music."

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE ABSTRACT PASMORE

When, at about forty, a very gifted painter of pronounced personality, enjoying no mean success in the world, suddenly turns his back on his hitherto self; suddenly eschews a mode which, by its simple continuance, promises to magnify that success—with its attendant prosperity—the first thing one thinks of is his exceptional courage. If the private springs of creative energy begin to change character and dictate a new direction, most of those who have made an honoured place for themselves simply become, in effect, deaf to the new promptings—with their implication of admirers lost in misunderstanding, of a new, raw start, a world to be stormed all over again—to say nothing of financial disaster. Honour is due to anyone who takes such a turning—whatever, at the time, we happen to be able to make of the results of his reorientation. And to those ill disposed towards the new "style" we might always say that, if they have responded once to an artist's essential quality, that quality cannot very well be absent from anything he subsequently paints: but, though certainly present, it is likely to reveal itself in a new and possibly very different guise.

All of which does not, I hope, look too much like an apology for Victor Pasmore's new abstract works, because I think they are remarkably successful. Indeed these paintings, many of which are in cut and pasted paper, seem to me to form one of the most important exhibitions since the war. Immediately upon entering the room at the Redfern Gallery, in Cork Street, one gets the vital communication: air, light, space. And the space is the light, and the light is space. Unidentifiably, solidity is there, offering a firm resistance at the back of the white space—for whiteness is the essence of this light. But the solidity is never particularised into this or that recognisable, familiar object. No more than a series of blind facets of form, geometric in tendency, are revealed, one behind another, inter-related in depth. If you focus your mind on the surface only, you will find these paintings devoid of all but a patchwork decorativeness and the phrases I have just written a lot of wordy nonsense. Their relation at the surface is the most easily grasped, because the most elementary, of these patches' varied functions: but in this respect precisely they prove an instructive contrast to the rectilinear abstraction of our only other abstract painter of any genius—Ben Nicholson. Nicholson's rectangular patches edge up to one another with the unyielding firmness of juxtaposed slabs of inlaid marble: each piece is primarily *itself* and not a device, for communicating something other than itself—a form in space, for instance. Pasmore's new paintings are in quite a different tradition: so far from existing solely in their own right, they exist primarily to register something outside themselves. Every one of them creates space and the illusion of forms in space—just as

a Cézanne does: the only difference is that in Pasmore the peculiarity, the identity of the forms is withheld. With him we contemplate the relationship of anonymous solids apprehended in space.

Where Pasmore's squarish patches relate to a system of forms in space, Nicholson's relate to themselves alone, there on the picture surface *his* surface is only surface. But a parallel much closer than Nicholson exists: many visitors to the Redfern will possibly ask why Pasmore must needs return to a "weak imitation" of the works executed by Braque and Picasso in pasted paper as long ago as 1912. Not only the use of pieces of newspaper but the addition to the paper patchwork of smudgy lines of drawing, superimposed, are equally reminiscent of the *papier collé* methods of the Cubists in 1912. There, however, the parallel ends. Where Braque or Picasso invariably built up the painting round the theme of a subject (mostly a still life one) which remained recognisable—a guitar or winebottle being not only visible but coherent—Pasmore has no *particular* subject in mind, one assumes. He is more figurative than Ben Nicholson (always, in this argument, considered at his most abstract), because he evokes light, air and space, which are not in themselves natural attributes of the surface of canvas or board. On the other hand, Pasmore is less figurative than Braque or Picasso in whose pasted paper pictures the specific object loomed through the organisation of the surface, clear and poetically potent.

Not until one has ceased to view these abstract paintings by Pasmore in terms either of Braque, or the Constructivists (Nicholson or Mondrian), can one absorb their real quality, which is the quality of Pasmore, in whatever phase of his development. The exquisite colour, clear in hue, resonant in tone, and softly flat in its actual application: the intricate, thoughtful balance of design which, while it derives from a profound sensation of space, is wonderfully flattering to the surface: and finally the extremely sensitive touch, whether of chalk or brush—by means of all these the Pasmore of the present is seen to be perfectly related to the Pasmore of the past. The abstract Pasmore is the inevitable extension of the Pasmore of roses, striped blouses and oval mirrors.

PATRICK HERON

RADIO NOTES

THE protracted softening-up process is finished, and MacNeice and Stahl have gone boldly over the top. Perhaps the metaphor should be naval rather than military, since the superb and supernal opening of *Faust* was so contrived as strongly to suggest the employment of what sailors call a loud-hailer. Why do producers regularly assume that Divine Providence, having created Mozart and the skylark, has yet chosen for an immediate and sensible dwelling an echo-chamber in the neighbourhood of the Langham Hotel? Again (and to be done with censures), why in the *Walpurgisnacht* should Howard Marion-Crawford and Stephen Murray be obliged to bellow at each other like a couple of old salts in a gale, and to make heavy weather of it against witches most unfairly reinforced (as it seemed to me) by last week's lady wrestlers from Frankfurt? That the Brocken may be just like this once a year I do not deny, but what we were given had at times the effect rather of a recording than of an artistic representation. Elsewhere, however, the producers proved fully equal to what has been clearly a significant occasion. Yet the drama, the pathos, and the bright speed of the first part of *Faust* are riches comparatively easy to tap—and the more so if one has the good fortune to discover so admirable a Gretchen as Marjorie Westbury, and musical support so unobtrusively right as Matyas Seiber's. Just how considerable is the *poetic* achievement, we shall not know until the adaptation of the second part has been given and we have seen MacNeice, an immensely gifted translator, tackle such things as *Des Lebens Pulse schlagen frisch lebendig* and *Und duldet auch auf seiner Berge Rücken*. At least the medium has been chosen rightly. It is true that a rapid chime of rhymes, unfamiliar to English ears as a vehicle of drama, is distracting for a time. One tries to guess the coming word, or finds oneself troubled by memories of the Good and Bad Fairies in the pantomime. Yet the method effectively cuts out irrelevant dramatic expectations based on Shakespeare, and it has undoubtedly been used with great skill to control and vary the tempo—as well as to enrich the colour—of the whole. Sitting with my German text before me, and despite the difficulty of negotiating the cuts, I had an unauthoritative but convinced premonition that here is triumphant collaboration between a true poet and a scholar fully armed. Only Shelley has succeeded with Goethe hitherto.

How did Shelley read aloud *Julian and Maddalo*, or Cowper *The Task*, or Spenser *Colin Clout's Come Home Againe?* It is a thousand pities that phonographic record of such occasions stretches back no further than Tennyson, behind whom we have only such imprecise information as that Coleridge read verse "with a kind of musical hum." This is a reflection occasioned by Day Lewis's reading of the second part of his own long poem, *An Italian Visit*. Level, lucid and felicitous, the verse seems to exemplify, like the works just mentioned, the extremely difficult middle style of composition. The poet boards an aeroplane and feels a little like Europa on the bull; he crosses the Channel, responds to the Alps, views Italy, descends. Neither Spenser, Cowper, nor Shelley, I felt, would have produced verse of finer texture, nor achieved, within the emotional range designed, imagery more quietly moving and unfalteringly precise. But would they have imported quite so much gravity into their reading voice? This doubt did not prevent me from feeling keen disappointment when the reading ended sooner than I had expected. Let it be added of a crowded week that Michael Holroyd on Julius Caesar, Compton Mackenzie on Henry James, and Thurber as read by Lionel Gamlin were excellent in their several kinds.

MICHAEL INNES

THE MOVIES

"L'Aigle a deux Tetes," at Studio One
"Une si jolie petite Plage," at the Rialto
"Home of the Brave," at the London Pavilion

M. Cocteau is very busy about the studios these days. The cinematograph—he prefers the aboriginal word; but why not with a *k*?—has brought him a new lease of life, and provided him with a toy, a court, a following. He plays and he poses; but he can't, given such an arch-opportunity, help creating. *La Belle et la Bête*, with which breathlessly he first took charge of the whole exciting machine, is followed by refashionings of three plays: *L'Aigle a deux Têtes*, *Les Parents Terribles*, and *Orphée* (reports of which make hebdomadal news in the Paris theatre sheets). He has thus taken a series of giant leaps backwards over some thirty years of playwriting as he steps from film to film; the greater mastery meet the early idea, capable now of a fresh development. *L'Aigle a deux Têtes* was so recently designed for the theatre that we can hardly expect more than a transcription. Scenery and furnishings have been added, a few visual points made and more than a few verbal ones dropped; on the whole, while there has been a remarkable smoothness of adaptation, the effect has been undoubted loss of temperature. Poetic melodrama remains poetic melodrama. What was meant for a play to thrasonise the theatre becomes on the screen an accomplished and rather tame act.

Tame, that is to say, for Cocteau. For even here he has managed to thrill with the confrontation of a savagely widowed Queen and her would-be assassin who ten years later so exactly resembles her murdered husband. Their three days together are brilliantly pointed, poetically worked out; and the eye is allowed its customary persuasion of castle steps, candles, statuary, flowing hair, corridors, horseback, pistols, and the like. The comedy of the early scenes—a royal ball with the guests jogging up a mountain road and stepping out of their carriages into deep puddles—tickles the fancy; the two principals, Edwige Feuillère and Jean Marais, play again their stage parts trimmed down but with irreproachable grace; and love and death, the top-hatted police and the deaf-mute Negro and the surprises of furnishing, guide us successfully enough through not unexpected turns of plot. Yet the legend doesn't quite form: too much, in fact, not knowing the play, one could after a while take for granted.

It adds too little to Cocteau himself, though his direction (one is glad to note) has shed all trace of the amateur. More—far more, perhaps—may be expected from *Les Parents Terribles* and *Orphée*, derived from better plays; and for an encouraging critical account of the first, due shortly at Studio One, I would draw attention to the new *Sequence* (No. 9), which contains articles on new French films and an account of the Biarritz festival inspired by Cocteau.

The other French piece, Yves Allegret's *Une si jolie petite Plage*, is an atmospheric study of a desolate rain-haunted seaside ("such a *nice* bit of beach, too") and a young murderer who returns to the scene of his early corruption. Wanting to impress dreariness it grows dreary itself, and so delays its revelations that, although story and characters convince when they have trickled through, the general damp has got into our enjoyment. Still, Gerard Philippe and Madeleine Robinson give admirable performances in the minor key, and never has rain, in all its wetness, been more delicately or unsparingly observed.

Home of the Brave sets out to explore the sensitiveness of a Negro soldier who has suffered break-down after a gruelling four days' mission on a Jap-held island in the Pacific. It is a pity, perhaps, that the analyst's couch—even in an advanced field station—should have to provide the framework, with a moral or two to accompany his cure and ours; but the war, with many documentaries to build on, looks real and the conflicts of race-hatred have been dramatically and even at times subtly pursued. A good deal of the sublety is due to the performance of James Edwards in the Negro's part, as responsive and natural a piece of acting as could be imagined. The thing I liked least about this unusually honest film was its hideous musical accompaniments; to teach a lesson in civilisation, is it necessary to employ barbarous means? Often the jungle so howled with its demented brass and strings that a wretched parrot could hardly make itself heard.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

PLISKA

History again, but different: the ancient capital
From which Bulgaria draws its age and fullness;
The early Khans from here
Struck their forgotten empire
Across the Balkan map,
And Krum drank from Nicephorus' gilded skull.

And though a barren nationalism may rant, and raise
These giant stones as engines of aggressive war,
These tombs and temples give
A real pride and life
And a felt depth
Beyond the lost five hundred years of Beys.

Their weight can hold that wildness to a fair control
At single points like this, or where, ten miles away,
History roars from the rocks at Madara
Where Krum puts a spear through the lion's shoulder
In a fanfare of inscriptions,
And an ancient honest people becomes a living whole.

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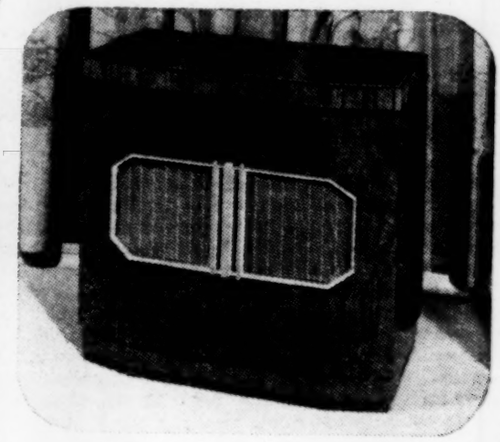

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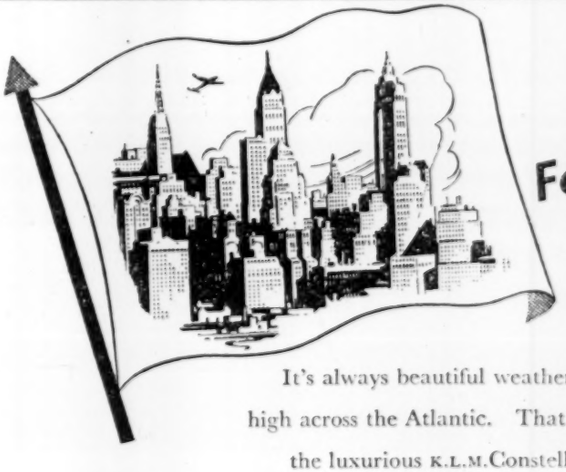

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Correspondence

GROUNDNUTS

SIR,—In his article in your issue of November 5th Mr. Alan Wood applies to public Corporations generally the particular criticisms he makes of the Overseas Food Corporation, and you endorse his views editorially. I doubt whether you are right to do so. The Corporation with which Mr. Wood worked cannot be compared with public Corporations given responsibility for running socialised industries at home; there is a fundamental difference between a pioneering venture and a well-established industry. The public Corporation may be unsuitable for the one but desirable for the other. The Overseas Food Corporation is spending public money; every penny put into it is loaned by the Treasury; public money is thus directly involved and the public consequently has the right to the fullest information as to how that money is spent. The other public Corporations took over existing industries as going concerns; no public money was involved; there was a simple substitution of stock, though the public Corporation stocks are admittedly Treasury-guaranteed. Losses to date have been carried forward in accordance with the provision that the accounts should not necessarily balance annually but over a period of years. Despite Tory propaganda to the contrary, the nationalised coal and transport industries have not cost the taxpayer a penny piece. The groundnuts scheme looks like costing him a whole lot.

There is a case for different administrative treatment of socialised concerns which are financed by the community and those that are self-supporting. It may be, where public moneys are directly concerned, more direct operation or at least greater Ministerial control is desirable. Even so, I am not convinced that the latttr is unattainable within the framework of the public Corporation. The extent of responsibility the Minister assumes depends upon his interpretation of his statutory right, common to all nationalising acts, to give directions " in relation to matters appearing to him to concern the public interest." Everything turns on the interpretation of the " public interest." In view of the public moneys involved, and for other reasons, I would have thought it was in the public interest that the Minister should be kept fully and continuously informed of progress and future plans of the groundnuts scheme, and that in the light of events it was his duty to interfere to keep it along economic lines. If he has failed to do so, it is he who is at fault and not the structure of the public Corporation. He may have failed in his responsibilities.

It is not fair to suggest that public accountability is lacking. As Mr. Wood admits, two Parliamentary debates have taken place and a third is imminent; three in nine months. If the Minister has failed to give adequate information, he is to blame; he has the statutory right to obtain all the information he wishes. I cannot accept Mr. Wood's hasty conclusion that the failings of the Overseas Food Corporation, many the result of actions taken by its private enterprise predecessor, the managing agents, justify the condemnation of the public Corporation as such.

Many of us concerned with the Parliamentary end of the public Corporations are not happy that the correct balance between Ministerial control and a Corporation's independence has been struck, or that the right measure of public accountability, and the means of providing it, has been found. I would like Ministers to take more responsibility and this can be done if they interpret more widely their directional powers and act with greater flexibility in their relations with the Corporations and with Parliament.

House of Commons, ERNEST DAVIES
London, S.W.1.

THE MASTERMAN REPORT

SIR,—Critic's comments on the Government's revised decision on the Masterman Report in which he says " In order to be impartial one really does not have to back a committee with one's political enemies " is most apt. The doubt to my mind is whether, in fact, the Government wanted any report other than the reactionary one that it got.

In paragraph 2 of the Report the Masterman Committee recounts that, in inviting them to service, the Chancellor of the Exchequer told them that, whilst the Government agreed that there was a case for investigation, it would be totally opposed to any radical change in the non-political status of the Civil Service.

What has now happened in the revised decision of the Government can, in the light of what has happened, be nothing other than alarming to Civil Servants. There have been no negotiations at all with the Civil Service Trade Unions. There is not even a promise that there will be negotiations at any later date. Is it only when the Government is faced with unofficial strikes that it sees the value of utilizing the normal industrial negotiating machinery?

Why is it that the Government postponed the decision on this matter for a twelve-month? What virtue is there in this delay? What is likely to be known then that is not known now? There is, so far as any Civil Servant can see, no reason why negotiations should not be resumed forthwith. That delay should be proposed can be interpreted to mean that the Government, alarmed by the hostility that its first decision on the Masterman Report caused, is now seeking to give time for the fuss and bother to expend itself and then, twelve months hence, if it is still the Government, to impose once more the decision restricting Civil Service liberties that it took in June last.

It is perhaps worthy of note that in 1921 the Labour Party led a deputation to the Prime Minister of that day urging an extension of Civil Service liberties. Twenty-eight years seems to have seen a marked erosion in Labour Party policy.

STANLEY MAYNE
General Secretary
The Institution of Professional Civil Servants,
17 Hans Place,
London, S.W.1.

GREEK AMNESTY?

SIR,—Whilst THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION believes the " breathing space " created in the Greek situation should be the opportunity for the granting of a general amnesty by the Athens Government, the latter, it seems, is preparing to execute trade unionists who have been kept in life during the past year by the efforts of the democratic people of our country.

I have just received letters from Athens from which it appears that it is common talk there that the appeals of my husband, Tony Ambatielos, and the nine trade unionists who were sentenced to death with him have been rejected. The appeals, it seems, were actually discussed on October 13th.

Since my lawyer in Athens has been seized by the police and questioned about his communicating with me on matters concerning my husband's appeal, it is impossible for me to get official information on the matter. But, knowing the record of the Athens Government, I believe it would not be beyond them to maintain silence on the rejection until the present session of the General Assembly of the United Nations draws to a close, and then proceed to the executions of these men who were sentenced to death exactly one year ago, on November 4th, 1948.

It would seem, as you say, that the moment is ripe for " generous behaviour " on the part of the Athens Government, but can one expect it unless Britain's delegates at the United Nations take the lead in opposing the continuation of executions?

260 Middleton Road, BETTY AMBATIELOS
Carshalton, Surrey.

WHITE SOUTH AFRICA

SIR,—It is well known that the South African Government and its supporters are extremely sensitive to criticism, and irresponsible talk has already been flung about at Party Congresses of " curbing the English Press." This, together with other authoritarian legislation like the proposed National Register, which will classify all citizens according to race, and the Educational Ordinance, which extends " apartheid " to European schoolchildren, will continue to draw criticisms from the Government's opponents in the Union, and from that very large body of responsible opinion overseas which recognises that the policy of " White supremacy " makes a mockery of the West's anti-Communist policy.

The opposition of the Union Government to Communism is probably the most sterile of any government, for by its so-called measures to " stamp out Communism," it has probably created more Communists than " agitators " could possibly have done. It is safe to surmise that this opposition exists solely because of the racial equality which Communism preaches; for, if Dr. Malan's supporters genuinely oppose the totalitarian aspects of the latter, why do they consistently practice totalitarianism themselves, and why did they oppose the war against Nazi Germany? The answer is that the theories of the German race mythologists appealed very strongly to a Party which had for a long time embraced a " Herrenvolk " ideology.

17 New Africa House, J. M. VAN HEERDEN
Salisbury, S.R.

TERROR IN SPAIN

SIR,—It would be unreasonable, in the present state of Europe, to expect you to print protests against every unjust execution which may take place, particularly when the executioners represent a regime whose international credit is so low that further injustice can hardly lower it. But Victor Gollancz was fully justified in warning us that inability to interfere directly does not justify silence, and it would be wrong to allow the sentences of death imposed last week by Spanish courts upon five members of the C.N.T. to pass without some expostulation. A sixth man, who was sentenced to 25 years, is reported to have spent nine years awaiting trial.

While there is no means of finding out what these men have done, since the charges have not been promulgated, their main crimes seem to have been courage and pertinacity in opposing a regime which is a scandal to Europe and a general object of execration to decent people. The Spanish Ambassador is, no doubt, immune to protests based upon these considerations, but the knowledge that there are Spaniards who are willing to defend their dissent from a recent American estimate of Franco by the

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sacrifice of their lives is one which we should keep before ourselves, and before Mr. Bevin.

20 Honor Oak Road, ALEX COMFORT
London, S.E.23.

AN EAR FOR POETRY

SIR,—Mr. Alan Ross's letter is alarming. Surely what primarily distinguishes verse from prose is its rhythmic and harmonic patterns. How can these be perceived by an essentialiv visual approach? An appreciation of Dr. Edith Sitwell's interplay of vowel sounds does not require a sense of plastic form, though such a sense is needed to appreciate the architectonic structure of her poems. Excessive emphasis on the image is one of the vices of contemporary poetry. Neglect of sound-patterns leads often to the writing of poems, ostensibly in quatrain form, where the first stanza has a pure rhyme *abac*, the second and third have no rhymes at all, the fourth stanza has one internal rhyme in one line and the final stanza an imperfect rhyme *abac*. Poetry is a craft, and no one sensitive to sound patterns should commit such harsh irregularities. Writers obsessed with image-patterns, however, frequently allow such slovenliness to pass as verse.

Piazza Citta' Leonina 9, RONALD BOTTRALL
Rome.

SIR,—Mr. Charles Davy suggests that, while a great deal of attention is paid to aural training and testing in music, nothing is done to train the ear towards the "perception of the pattern of word relations" as a necessary approach to the inner hearing of poetry, and the experience . . . at unconscious level . . . of the meaning of poetry, in the musical sense, as apart from the verbal sense of the words.

The approach he recommends has been extensively used for some years.

The rhythmic elements in poetry are clarified by using bodily movement where the verse is metric and the subject suitable, so that beat, syllabic pattern, the force of line (with or without rhyme) the poet's sense grouping, etc., are clearly assimilated as poetic elements. The hearer, later, unconsciously responds to these elements in more lyrical verse, in which the rhythmic force is not so evident on the surface. Similarly, as all poetry is approached through the ear, and not through the printed word, intonation, assonance and other melodic features are self-evident. In fact, there is little different between the approach to music and the approach to poetry. It may be that there will always be some who are indifferent or even possibly "allergic" to both arts.

So-called tone deafness is, of course, a so-to-speak psychological affectation.

As a conclusion, choral speaking of verse, whether agreeable or no, as an art form, trains the ear of the speaker to fine shades of pitch, intonation, stress and rhythm. GWENDOLINE SKETT

SIDNEY WEBB

SIR,—When I was secretary to the Webbs in the 1890s an incident occurred which may throw some light on the question, discussed in your columns, about the speed with which Sidney could read and assimilate a book. Several of the writers in *The Webbs and Their Work* have mentioned the fact that he read with great speed, but actual cases to illustrate this are hard to recall. However, I do remember one morning in 1893 or 1894 when Sidney had a cold and was not at work as usual on the Trade Union book. I found him lying on a settee in the drawing room reading Professor Alfred Marshall's *Principles of Economics*, which had been published recently. It was a large and important work, but two hours later at lunch he had read it all through and explained the points of special interest, especially any showing that Marshall had drawn nearer to the Fabian collectivist view, and turning to the book found the appropriate quotations in its pages from memory—he never marked passages in any book to my knowledge. I thought at the time it was a remarkable display of rapid reading and assimilation, and of memory, to enable him to recall the pages on which he had read the sections he quoted.

F. W. GALTON

BOOKJACKETS

SIR,—In your recent notice of the current Exhibition of Bookjackets at the Victoria and Albert Museum, your contributor makes the rather surprising statement that "it was not until the beginning of the Thirties that publishers began to realise that bookjackets could be something more than a piece of wrapping paper," and goes on to imply that Messrs. Faber & Faber were the originators of the practice of "commissioning jackets from front-rank artists." While I should be the last to minimise the very great contribution made by Messrs. Faber towards raising the general standard of publishers' jackets, may I be allowed to correct your contributor's ideas about when and by whom this desirable process was begun?

The pioneers in the matter were, I think most people would agree, the Hogarth Press, who from 1919 onwards regularly commissioned artists like Duncan Grant, Vanessa Bell and Roger Fry to design jackets for their books. Other publishers followed suit, and throughout the Twenties the practice became increasingly common. For example, Mr. McKnight Kauffer (to whose later work your contributor refers) designed colour lithographic jackets for my own firm, among others, as far back as 1921 (Strachey's *Queen Victoria* and *Eminent Victorians*), while many other artists—Albert Rutherston, Paul Nash and Edward Bawden, to mention only a few—were producing admirable examples of this minor art before the Thirties had dawned.

Chatto & Windus, IAN PARSONS
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ANTIQUE FURNITURE

SIR,—In his comments on the antique furniture market, Critic quotes an opinion that "a Board of Trade regulation which limited retail profits to 50 per cent" encouraged dealers to pay high prices at auctions, "to make their 50 per cent more in cash." It is true that, until recently, trading in second-hand furniture was subject to such a rule. But it never at any time applied to antique furniture ("at least 100 years old"). Further, as regards ordinary second-hand furniture (other than antiques), the rule was reinforced by a schedule of cash maximum prices. So far from "big shops outbidding everyone else at sales," in fact they were quickly squeezed out of the sales by other buyers who pushed prices right up to these maximum levels. DONALD BARBER,
Retail Distributors' Association, *Secretary*
Hanover Sq., W.1.

"SO THEY SAY"

SIR,—I am afraid "Autolycus" unintentionally does the *Manchester Guardian* an injustice in his dissection of the coverage of the devaluation debate. It is true that in the edition he measured the Prime Minister got no more than four inches. He spoke from 9.31 p.m. to 10 p.m.; that edition went to press at 10.40. In the later editions Mr. Attlee's speech ran to nineteen inches, which compares pretty favourably with the other papers quoted—all late editions.

A. P. WADSWORTH, *Editor*
Guardian Office, Manchester.

FEARGUS O'CONNOR

SIR,—I am collecting material for a full-length biography of the Chartist leader Feargus O'Connor (1794-1855), and I would be glad to hear from any reader who possesses papers by or relating to him, or who knows of the existence of such papers. I have had the generous co-operation of the representatives of his family now living in County Cork, Eire, but so far I have been able to find very little manuscript material relating to his very extensive activities in England. Yet it seems probable that he conducted a heavy correspondence with Radical and other contemporaries between about 1835 and 1852, and it would be surprising if nothing of this has survived. When Disraeli was writing *Sybil* (1845) he obtained from T. S. Duncombe O'Connor's correspondence as proprietor of the *Northern Star* (Monypenny and Buckle, *Life of Disraeli*, Vol. II, p. 251). What, I wonder, has happened to this invaluable accumulation?

45 York Road, Birkdale, ERIC GLASGOW
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BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE reputation of Villiers de l'Isle-Adam has nowadays fallen into undeserved obscurity. I doubt whether *Contes Cruels*, that admirable collection of short stories, is very often opened; while *Histoires Insolites*, a subsequent collection, is now almost unobtainable. Yet the latter volume, besides *Les Délices d'une Bonne Oeuvre*, an exquisite essay in sardonic low comedy, includes a tale that, although its literary qualities are unimpressive, should be of great interest to every student of nineteenth-century English verse. Entitled *Le Sadisme Anglais*, it describes a conversation between the narrator, an enquiring Gallic journalist, and "*deux jeunes et celèbres littérateurs anglais.*" Villiers' story was published in 1888, not long after the appearance of Stead's notorious articles on the London "white-slave traffic"; and the young Englishmen take up the same theme, deriding the limitations of French debauchery—"*vos trop futiles plaisirs*"—and vaunting the immense superiority of its modern English counterpart. They speak at length, with lingering appreciation: "*Ils s'étendirent en savantes variations sur le viol et sur les moyens dont on se sert, là-bas, pour l'accomplir commodément, soit en certaines demeures de Londres, soit en certains vieux châteaux anglais perdus dans les brumes. Chambres matelassées, oubliettes perfectionnées, anesthésiques et voitures de sûreté défilèrent sur leurs langues avec une verve sinistre qui eût confondu Ann Radcliff. C'était par milliers et par milliers qu'ils évoquaient les victimes de l'hypocrite lubricité de leurs compatriotes. . . .*" The temperament of a people, they add, is reflected by its national poets; and, whereas France has Victor Hugo, "*dont les oeuvres crèvent de santé, de morale convenue et de solonnelles vieilleries,*" England is proud to possess Algernon Charles Swinburne. Warming to their subject, the young men proceed to translate some thirty or forty lines taken from *Anactoria*, with results that are both surprising and slightly disconcerting; for the comparative bleakness of French prose reveals much that passes largely unnoticed in Swinburne's surging couplets. Images stand out in naked relief, emphasising the strange emotional distortions of the intellect that produced them.

Such are the revelations, and such the misconceptions, that may overtake the imaginative critic who seeks to understand a foreign work of literature! It would be interesting to know how a copy of *Poems & Ballads* (first printed in 1866) first came to Villiers' notice, and whether the two sadistic Englishmen—is it possible that one of them was the young Oscar Wilde, exercising a capricious love of fantasy?—had any real existence. But the episode is grossly mis-dated; since in 1888—and, as Stead's articles to which the story refers did not appear till 1885, it cannot have been written more than three years earlier—Swinburne for nearly a decade had been safely lodged at Putney, a very decent little literary gentleman of regular and abstemious habits, trotting out on his daily walk to enjoy a single glass of beer, trotting rapidly home to "The Pines," only pausing to pat the head of some attractive infant. The scandal roused by his early works had long ago evaporated; his present productions were completely blameless; and many of the "unhealthy" enthusiasms of his youth were being publicly discarded under the influence of Theodore Watts-Dunton. In 1887 he had renounced Whitman; and in 1888 he was persuaded by Watts to snap the link with Whistler. His essay, *Mr. Whistler's Lecture on Art*, was an "onslaught on Art for Art's sake and, indeed, the whole of Whistler's aesthetic theory which he himself had once so devoutly shared." Watts was delighted: Gosse aggrieved: and Whistler roused to immediate and effective rebuke in a brief but stinging diatribe, which marked the end of a valuable intimacy and planted a tombstone, neatly lettered, upon the grave of Swinburne's talent: "I have lost a *confrère* and gained an acquaintance, one Algernon Charles Swinburne, outsider, Putney."

The relationship of the earlier to the later Swinburne—of the demonic juvenile adventurer, who startled Maupassant, beguiled Ruskin and at the age of twenty-five was described by Henry Adams as "tropical bird, high-crested, long-beaked, quick moving, with rapid utterance and screams of humour . . . a crimson macaw among owls," to the dim perambulator of Putney Heath, whose public pronouncements often disclosed a streak of ugly chauvinism—has interested and baffled numerous literary analysts. Mr. Humphrey Hare attempts a new appraisal*; and, though his study might well have been wider and have included a more detailed examination of Swinburne's literary method, it is the frankest and least prejudiced biography that has so far reached our bookshelves. Gosse assumed the almost superhuman task of describing his hero's development, and at the same time avoiding any explicit reference to the oddities of the constitution in which his gifts were rooted. Swinburne's alcoholism was lightly glossed over, while complementary vagaries were allowed to go unmentioned. We are back again at the old problem of how far an artist's private career legitimately concerns us. And of Swinburne it is certainly true that, unless we know something of his life—a great deal more than Gosse, who usually played for safety, could bring himself to let slip—we cannot grasp the true nature of his poetic talent. That talent was a rich, yet infertile growth, like the desert aloe or cactus suddenly throwing out a splendid spire of blossoms, which rapidly declines and decays, as if exhausted by its riotous thrust. The poet's extravagances of conduct were an inseparable part of his creative evolution. He did not write good verse because he drank immoderately, nor did he cease to write memorable poems because his health and nerves were shattered, or because pale ale is less suited to the creation of works of literature than midnight draughts of fiery spirit. But, just as in writing he felt obliged to follow a course of furious self-expenditure and continued to drive his imagination so long as imagination lasted, in life, too, his *daimon* impelled him to squander health and energy, till he sank at length into complete collapse and Watts-Dunton, who had been biding his time, called at Great James Street to remove a helpless stretcher-case.

Undoubtedly he rescued Swinburne from death; and, inasmuch as Swinburne was able to enjoy the twilit existence to which his officious friend restored him, looking forward to his morning glass of ale and to his daily perusal of some little-known Elizabethan or Jacobean drama, the job was worth performing. But Swinburne's imagination was already dead. Indeed it had been moribund some years before the rescue, and the physical collapse followed, rather than preceded, his imaginative bankruptcy. His main period of growth would seem to have taken place between 1860, when he was at work on *Chastelard*, and 1872, when, in Mr. Hare's phrase, the death of his revered master Mazzini cast him "rudderless upon the sombre and chaotic seas of his own perverse and fluid temperament." Yet earlier the publication of *Songs Before Sunrise* had shown a gradual falling-off; for Swinburne's generous efforts to play the poetic revolutionary, fulminating against priests and kings and proclaiming the dawn of freedom across benighted Europe, are somewhat clumsy and artificial compared with the wild rhapsodies of *Poems & Ballads* and *Atalanta in Calydon*. His utterance was still boldly eloquent; but the same intensity of feeling no longer burned behind it. That intensity had a secret and personal origin: it was linked to—if not necessarily derived from—the poet's attitude towards love and his peculiar experience of the commerce of the sexes. "Normal" is, of course, a relative term; but Swinburne was more significantly—one might add, more productively—abnormal than any other modern English writer.

Following Lafourcade, who twenty years ago first endeavoured to supply the omissions in Gosse's pious portrait, Mr. Hare investigates the temperament that underlay such poems as *The Leper*, *Faustine*, *Anactoria*. Next year we may be further instructed; for the second volume of Mr. James Pope-Hennessy's biography of Monckton Milnes cannot fail to throw fresh light on the part which that astute diplomatist played in the youthful Swinburne's education. It was not an entirely beneficent part, at least as regards the poet's health and happiness; since Milnes, later Lord Houghton, a hard-headed man of the world, devoured by a passionate intellectual curiosity about other people's characters, and the custodian of one of the richest libraries of "rare and curious" books in Europe—"Oh! how wide is the diapason of my mind," he is said once to have exclaimed, "from what a height to what a depth!"—introduced him to the works of the Marquis de Sade, the reputation of whose "mystic pages" had already attracted him profoundly. A strange and momentous meeting. Studies that for Houghton were a literary sport, the kind of erudite but amusing diversion that he and his crony Richard Burton had always much delighted in, became for Swinburne a perilous and fascinating journey through the recesses of his own nature. He was an "*excessif*," as Musset had observed of himself. In his frail and diminutive body, perpetually agitated by nervous twitches, jerks and flutterings, lurked a temperament which demanded the extremes of emotion and the constant stimulus of danger—which in one mood caused him to explore submarine caverns or to swim far out to sea, disregarding storms and currents: in another, drove him to brandy and whipped him, when he was drunk, into epileptic rages. Pain and pleasure were indissolubly connected; images of suffering and cruelty and destruction, sadistic or masochistic, coloured almost all his early verse. After a single effort to regain normality—by proposing marriage in due form to an innocent thoughtless girl who laughed at him—he plunged aside into the world of erotic phantoms—of *Félise*, *Faustine* and *Fragoletta*, whose shadowy company was presently invaded by the solid corporeal shape of Adah Isaac Menken (christened Dolores Adios McCord), a booted and spurred *equestrienne* renowned at Astley's Circus. She was the *Dolores* of a notorious poem and, according to the existing evidence, probably her lover's only real mistress.

So far the author of *Poems & Ballads* remains a curiosity, an exhibit for Professor Mario Praz, to be classified with "the martyred Marquis" (a daring psychological adventurer but, taken in bulk, an unconscionably boring novelist), the author of *Venus in Furs* and other insidious exponents of the pleasure-pain principle. The position that he, in fact,

* *Swinburne: A Biographical Approach.* By Humphrey Hare. *Witherby.* 15s.

occupies is immeasurably more important; for, though we cannot discount the strain of perversity and should not pretend that it was an unfortunate adolescent whim, an eccentric excrescence with little bearing on life's work, at his best these lurid preoccupations were absorbed into his poetic style, which we must recognise as among the most remarkable products of late nineteenth-century literature. Often parodied, he has never been imitated. Nowhere else in the poetry of his period—neither in the rich and sensuous, yet lifeless, inventions of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, nor, later, in the melodious ululations of Ernest Dowson and Lionel Johnson—do we find such a prodigious surge of vitality, such a cumulative weight of words, bursting with so immediate an effect across the reader's consciousness. Wave follows wave of sound; the wave breaks, the rhythmic hubbub recedes; and then, almost before we have recovered from the confused and thunderous impact, a new toppling roller of sound and fury comes roaring up our mental beach, smothering it with an intricate pattern that shines and coils and melts away. *Mere noise*, an impatient reader protests, usually forgetting his complaint when he succumbs beneath a fresh assault. No one but a man of genius, has remarked T. S. Eliot, "could dwell so exclusively and consistently among words as Swinburne. His language is not, like the language of bad poetry, dead. It is very much alive," with a singular and inimitable life; and the inward life of his language—though the exuberance of Swinburne's style is very often concealing, rather than revealing, witness the extraordinary contrast between the metrical version of *Anactoria* and the translation into French prose—was founded in the last resort on genuine and deep experience, as genuine as the experience which he credited to Charles Baudelaire and sought to describe in *Ave atque Vale*:

> For always thee the fervid languid glories
> Allured of heavier suns in mightier skies;
> Thine ears knew all the wandering watery sighs
> Where the sea sobs round Lesbian promontories,
> The barren kiss of piteous wave to wave
> That knows not where is that Leucadian grave
> Which hides too deep the supreme head of song.
> Ah, salt and sterile as her kisses were,
> The wild sea winds her and the green gulfs bear
> Hither and thither, and vex and work her wrong,
> Blind gods that cannot spare.

As genuine, and yet, one is bound to conclude, in some senses as illusory. For Swinburne the gods are always blind—cruel and mysterious forces, celebrated or reviled but barely half believed in: all loves are barren and tragic: every form of pleasure is ultimately self-destructive. He has none of the breadth of the greatest poets, nothing of that amplitude of human feeling, that majestic variety of tone, which we enjoy in Shakespeare, Milton, Baudelaire (whom Swinburne appreciated exclusively in his most satanic aspect); and a sensible appreciation of his merits was once delivered by John Ruskin. *Atalanta*, he wrote, "in power of imagination and understanding simply sweeps me away . . . as a torrent does a pebble. I'm *righter* than he is—so are the lambs and the swallows, but they're not his match." Poets of the past have been righter—and better: poets of the present day may be righter and more circumspect in their poetic practice. But amid the contemporary chorus of low-voiced twitterings and bleatings, who does not sometimes regret the sonorous confusion of Swinburne's yeasty ocean swell?

PETER QUENNELL

THE HERESY OF FULL EMPLOYMENT

The Dollar Crisis. By T. BALOGH. *Blackwell.* 15*s.*

Since it is impossible to study the problems of production and exchange without making political assumptions, I have always suspected the economist who claims for himself a position above or aloof from politics. The great Liberal economists never disguised their strongly partisan political views—indeed, they named their science "political economy"—and the epigoni who now purport to give "detached expert advice" are merely claiming an *a priori* validity for their own political prejudices.

One great merit of *The Dollar Crisis* is that Dr. Balogh frankly admits the Socialist premises on which he works. Applying himself mainly to British problems, he assumes that full employment and progress towards social equality are the political ends which the economic system must serve. In this assumption he goes further than Lord Keynes—who, while seeking to prevent unemployment, scarcely considered the problems of maintaining full employment when it has been achieved—and inevitably finds himself in highly polemical controversy with those pundits, inside and outside Government service, who treat full employment as a problem, not as an end, and regard social equality as a "disincentive."

The Dollar Crisis, in fact, is the first critique, in democratic Socialist terms, of the Government's policy since 1945. As such, it will probably be censured—or dismissed—as a partisan pamphlet, whereas the truth, of course, is that Dr. Balogh is no more and no less partisan than his anti-Socialist colleagues. He assumes the ideal of full employment; they, consciously or unconsciously, only accept it in so far as it accords with their ideal competitive system. What is remarkable is that, in the fourth year of a Labour Government, the anti-Socialist assumptions of

On 1st May 1949...

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In foreign policy we believe that Britain must be resolutely prepared to break with many habits and traditions of the past. The nations which enjoy political freedom are not in a majority on this earth; if they are to survive, they must progressively combine. This will require a radical change in their ways of thought and conceptions of sovereignty. Against the ambitions of dictators the free nations must be constantly on guard, ready and equipped to act in concert before they are overwhelmed.

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the orthodox economists are still the accepted dogma of the Government Departments, as well as the Universities, whereas men like Dr. Balogh and Mr. Kaldor, even in Labour circles, are regarded as heretics.

The heresy of *The Dollar Crisis* derives not only from its political premises, but from its historical analysis. Even during the war, Dr. Balogh held that the paramount position of the U.S.A. had destroyed the basis of orthodox economics, as represented in the Bretton Woods agreement. However convenient such an event would be to theorists, America cannot replace Britain as the centre of a revived multilateral system; the "unbalance" between the New World and the Old is a permanent factor, which demands a complete recasting of economic theory, as well as Government practice. The Labour Government, therefore, is faced with a double problem: (1) how to adapt our internal economy to the new political end of full employment and fair shares, and (2) how to deal with the "dollar gap" during the lengthy period until a new world balance has been created.

The Dollar Crisis challenges not only the premises of orthodox economics but a whole set of highly treasured Socialist clichés—the writing-off of America as a "capitalist" country; the idea that Socialism can be achieved by a mechanical series of nationalisation schemes, while the "private enterprise" sector is merely exhorted to work harder; and the notion that Democratic Socialism can be achieved either on one island or by the simple device of political union. Dr. Balogh's exposure of Mr. R. W. G. Mackay's Federalism is as ruthless and closely argued as his attack on national socialism. He believes, with Mr. Bevin, that Western Union must be tackled functionally; but he argues that, even though Mr. Bevin was right to reject premature schemes for convertibility and a Customs Union, his attitude in OEEC has been crassly insular, and vitiated by a fantastic over-estimate of Britain's economic strength. European integration is essential to our survival; but it can only be achieved as part of a world plan for assistance by "rich" countries to "poor" countries. Marshall Aid was an immense advance over Bretton Woods; but in order to eliminate the threat of continued economic instability, the first-fruits of which are already visible in the United States and the *laisser-faire* countries of Western Europe, it must be expanded into a permanent instrument for achieving "fair shares for all" on a world scale.

On the domestic side, Dr. Balogh's assessment of the Government's record is slightly more comforting. Here, at least, the right ends have been willed and, for the time being, very largely achieved. The issue is how full employment can be maintained in a mixed economy which is always at the mercy of external forces. Dr. Balogh believes that this will be impossible without a far firmer use of exchange controls by the Bank of England, and the development of a new system of discriminatory controls over production. This leads him into an acid and extremely entertaining attack on the experts and higher civil servants who are now moulding Government policy. The difficulty about controls is that you cannot plan them, or even discuss them in detail, from outside Whitehall. All the critic can say with certainty is that they are not likely to be employed for Socialist ends, as long as they are regarded merely as temporary war-time expedients, to be dispensed with as soon as possible. The distinction between a Labour-Trade-Union policy and a really Socialist policy is that the former treats Socialism as a superstructure to be added to a liberal economy, whereas the latter recognises that the whole economy and administration must be re-shaped to serve the end of full employment. Moreover, since full employment is always "inflationary," rationing, both of the consumer and of industry, must be substituted for unemployment and bankruptcy as the standing sanctions against inefficiency. The conclusion of *The Dollar Crisis* is that, unless the Government accepts this Socialist view, and persuades the Trade Unions to act on it too, we shall be driven willy-nilly into a gradualist deflation, under which the Welfare State will collapse.

The Dollar Crisis, though it contains, especially in its footnotes, some very lively matter, does not make easy reading. But it should be studied carefully by anyone interested in Socialism. It is, I believe, the first large-scale defence of the Government's policy by an academic economist since the war, and it also contains the most devastating exposure of the Government's mistakes which I have ever read. Unlike his orthodox colleagues, Dr. Balogh has paid Mr. Attlee the compliment of taking him seriously. Assuming that the Prime Minister really wishes to combine full employment with political liberty, he shows him, with remorseless logic, that he can only do so by breaking with orthodox economics. The one thing a Socialist Government cannot afford is to become intellectually respectable—to win the trust of the civil servants and experts who do not really accept its philosophy, and to repose its confidence in them. British Socialism to-day needs a political economy, as radical and unpopular in orthodox circles as Liberalism was a hundred years ago. *The Dollar Crisis* provides the critique and the polemic on which this theory could be based.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

THE LIFE OF PAUL NASH

Outline. An Autobiography by PAUL NASH. *Faber.* 30*s.*

It is a pity that Paul Nash did not finish his autobiography: he lived with delicate senses through years of the most queer transformation of art. The chapters about his childhood are complete, and the chapters about his emergence. He finished part of a fifth chapter, "End of a World," which carries him to the spring of 1913, after which extracts from letters to his wife during the first war, notes for chapters, and a few essays of his maturity show how the book would have gone. Nash could find admirable phrases and could call up events tellingly.

He was the nursery-and-governess child of the professional middle class, playing in Kensington Gardens, going to school at St. Paul's and worrying his father and mother because he could learn no mathematics. A midshipman they intended him to be. He went to a naval crammer's, where the headmaster's wife "seemed to radiate a faint blue light from her diamond encirclements." A select few of the boys were allowed to scratch her back with ivory sticks as they returned in the train from the Annual Examination. He failed in the exam. He failed in the effort to become an architect, and decided instead to become an illustrator or an artist in black and white, going first to a commercial art school, then to the Slade. Selwyn Image ("the last conspicuous pre-Raphaelite before the second advent in the person of Stanley Spencer," distinguished also for catching an uncommon moth in Sturge Moore's back hair) and Gordon Bottomley, Will Rothenstein and Sir William Blake Richmond encouraged him. He read and dreamed Rossetti, a student in the last dregs—but were they the last?—of mystery, night, stars, and the aesthetic elongation of dark trees. Yet Bottomley impressed him by declaring that "the greatest mystery comes out of the greatest definiteness" and Richmond—named after Blake, but not, as Nash says too romantically, Blake's godson—looked at his designs and advised him, "My boy, you should go in for Nature."

The second Post-Impressionist Exhibition blew up like a rocket under the petticoat while Nash was at the Slade with Stanley Spencer, Gertler, William Roberts and Edward Wadsworth. Tonks made a speech to the students: "He could not prevent our visiting the Grafton Galleries; he could only warn us and say how very much better pleased he would be if we did not risk contamination but stayed away." Nash was not contaminated; and he was less (so it looks)

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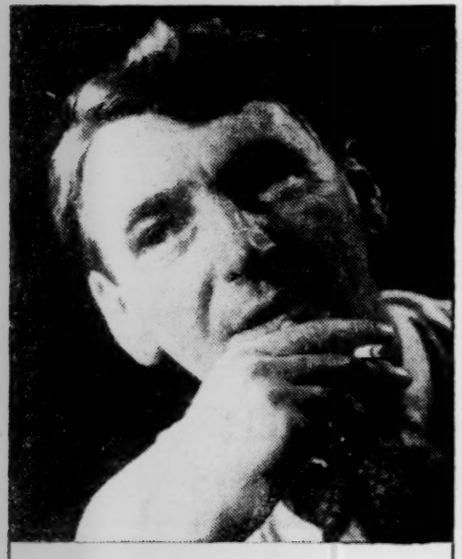
delivered from the dregs of Pre-Raphaelitism than he claims. The trenches barge in upon the inheritance of mystery. At first their landscape is mysterious : April, 1917—" Oh these wonderful trenches at night, at dawn, at sundown," the sun dropping in a clear sky, though " the smoke hangs in narrow bars of violet and dark." But seven months later (Nash now a War Artist) everything has changed : " The rain drives on, the stinking mud becomes more evilly yellow, the shell holes fill up with green-white water," and the painted message he will send home will be " a bitter truth," and " may it burn their lousy souls."

It is again that irruption of a savage reality, lasting only a while, which we notice also in the writing of Siegfried Sassoon. Out of Nash it drew some of those few things in all his work in which mystery is savaged into truth, or balanced into relation. And afterwards ? The notes for chapters : " I begin to learn about painting. New inspiration. Modern French art. The Russian Ballet. Roger Fry the Quaker Jesuit." What is soon clear is that after some slight impingement of the plastic order and organisation of modern painting, mystery comes back, with the blessing to Nash of Max Ernst and of an internationally permitted surrealism instead of the home-baked pseudo-surrealism, the aestheticism of a cautious refinement and a confined ambience, in which Nash had been raised and which he rather loosely calls " Pre-Raphaelite." We realise how much more Nash writes, in the completed chapters, of books than of painting—Rossetti, Blake, Borrow, De Quincey, Coleridge and so on, even to a late note of buying *The Castle of Otranto*, " that surrealist romance of the giant, *which, oddly enough, I had never read.*" He had written poems, though none of them are allowed in. And back the reader goes to that design of Lavengro in the dell, made from sketches in Richmond Park, back he goes to Nash recalling his " first authentic *place* " in Kensington Gardens and remarking, " There are places, just as there are people and objects and works of art, where the relationship of parts creates a mystery, an enchantment which cannot be analysed." There, I suppose (" the relationship of parts " seeming to be only a nod towards Cézanne and modernism), we have the limited virtue and the decided frailty of Nash's art, " which cannot " — read ' must not ' — " be analysed," which must only be felt. Scornful of the hard detail used morally by the early Pre-Raphaelites (witness the comment on the Death's Head hawkmoth in *The Hireling Shepherd*), Nash lost himself as badly, and perhaps even more thoroughly evaded the art and science of making pictures, in those Red Admirals and Clouded Yellows, those bird's eggs, those fossils, those sunflowers which in too much of a dry haze he liked as the details of " mystery " in new clothes.

The long pursuit of the mystery without roots is castrating. The investigating finger stays on the surface and touches down neither to the circumference of a God nor to the pondered furrows and warmth of a universal heart. Thus the same vital connection which is absent from paintings, absents itself as well, one has to admit, from the essays and the autobiography. We find, touched with modernism, a Walter de la Mare who paints. As we read, however skilful the combination of words, however sharply or delicately they convey a scene, a man, a notion, we can never believe, altogether. So, with a disclosure hardly planned, Nash's account comments most curiously, if charmingly, upon himself and upon forty years of the arts in England. In Nash, we may think, the rejected Rossetti has had a somewhat cruel, if not a surprising, revenge. Unconsciously he never was rejected, after all.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON



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A REVOLUTION THAT FAILED

George III, Lord North and the People, 1779-1780. By H. BUTTERFIELD. *Bell.* 30*s.*

Professor Butterfield is versatile. Having shown his talents as amateur scientist a week ago and as lay-preacher the week before, he now presents himself as a professional historian, absorbed in detail. The result is an admirable piece of research, full of interest to those who can find its significance for themselves ; but the reader may fairly complain against being abandoned so ruthlessly to find his own way. The fog is deepened by Mr. Butterfield's way of writing, evidence of his long success as a lecturer. He says everything twice, in order to give his audience time to get it down ; and he repeats every phrase and idea, rightly confident that his audience can never have it drummed into their thick heads too often. To take a sentence at random : " George was so hemmed in by the opponents of his system—reduced to such desperate straits by the clamour of parties and by the coalition of his enemies—that time after time, etc." What does the second clause add to the first ? I now understand the surprise of Cambridge men when they learn that an Oxford tutor criticises his pupils' style.

The foggy air has a more particular cause. Historians of the eighteenth century have been in search of new bearings ever since Professor Namier exploded the traditional view of George III and the Whigs twenty years ago. Mr. Butterfield starts in antiquated terms and talks of " the Whig oligarchs " who had engrossed power and place before the accession of George III ; this version, if sustained, would have found a new home for lost causes. A few pages later, Mr. Butterfield changes his ground without warning and writes of " an anarchy of parties." " The real structure of politics was based on the principle of ' connection '." This is a sound generalisation for, say, 1760. But Professor Namier broke off in 1765 with the tantalising words : " My next volume (if ever written) will be on the Rise of Party." By 1780 men were talking, as Mr. Butterfield goes on to do, of Opposition, with a capital letter. What was this—party re-emerging, or merely a loose name for a group of connections ? The reader is left guessing—that is the Butterfield method. The raw material is arranged for the reader's examination ; it remains uncooked.

Yet 1780 saw a genuine political crisis, perhaps the real crisis of the classical constitution. An Empire was being lost in America ; Ireland was on the edge of revolt ; even in England the governing classes were discontented with the conduct of affairs. Mr. Butterfield gives us some of the background in regard to Ireland ; apart from this, he keeps close to political detail in the first half of his book and leaves out the great events which made these details urgent and important. The result is like a narrative of the last days of Baldwin without any mention of Abyssinia or German rearmament ; it is puzzling to know what men were making such a fuss about.

Everything is made to centre on the question whether Lord North would appoint a third Secretary of State—no doubt a translation into practical terms of the underlying crisis and an adequate theme for a learned article. In the course of this academic exercise there is a great deal of admirable personal description. Lord North, despairing, immobile, but charming and tactically adroit, has never been drawn so well ; and the picture of George III is even more welcome—instead of the tyrant of Whig imagining, an anxious ruler with a sense of responsibility, struggling to save an Empire, though without either idea or ability to do it.

This narrow political world is abandoned halfway through the book for a wider theme—the development and organisation of popular discontent. " The People " come to overshadow both George III and Lord North. Here again Mr. Butterfield cannot bring himself to exactness. Are " The People " the masses of later Radical agitation or are they the country gentry and the voters of the old system ? The core of this second part is the story of the Yorkshire Association—which was certainly not a popular association in the modern sense. Mr. Butterfield explores its programme and, even more important, shows how its organisers planned a nation-wide movement which would culminate in a rival to Parliament itself. Thus the Yorkshire gentry anticipated and set the pattern for the National Convention which was the climax of Chartism sixty years later. At one time it was usual to shrug off this movement and to argue that the privileged and the propertied could never start a revolution. Nowadays we have come to understand that the French Revolution started in just this way ; the first act, as the great historian Lefebvre has shown, was an aristocratic revolution against royal mismanagement. How much more illuminating Mr. Butterfield's book would have been if he had made more of the parallel. In the French Revolution there was a second act—the intervention of the true people, the mob, as displayed by the fall of the Bastille. This, too, had its parallel in England with the Gordon riots. As Mr. Butterfield rightly says : " Between 1780 and the war of 1939 it is much rarer than many people realize to find a European capital which exhibits the scenes or goes through the terrors experienced by London during the Gordon riots." He goes on to argue that the memory of the Gordon riots explains and justifies the panic and repression which was shown in England during the French Revolution. The point would have been made more effectively if Mr. Butterfield had described the reaction of the governing classes to the riots in detail ; instead he dismisses the affair in a casual epilogue, as though reluctant to develop a parallel which alone gives interest to the story.

Instead he finds the end of the " Quasi-revolution " (a phrase he flogs to death) in the movement for economical reform and its failure. We are brought back to parliamentary detail, admirable in its way, but again without general significance. Dunning carried his famous motion about the influence of the Crown ; he failed

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when he tried to translate its implications into practical terms. By May, 1780, the attack on the political system had lost its force; the aristocratical "quasi-revolution" was over. With this, and a reference to the Gordon riots, Mr. Butterfield abruptly withdraws, a most disappointing conclusion. He seems just to have made his point. The reader has at last sorted out the drift of the accumulated detail. The parallels between 1779 and 1789 multiply; incompetent government, aristocratic discontent, popular agitation, the collapse of an old order. After four hundred pages of Mr. Butterfield, one may repeat the remark of James Mill after a week's reading of Kant: "I now see what the fellow would be at." But this understanding at once provokes a further question. Admitted the parallels, why the difference? If there was a "quasi-revolution" in England in 1779, why did it turn not into a true Revolution in 1780? Mr. Butterfield is silent. Of course it is difficult enough for the historian to explain why certain things happened; maybe he had better not attempt to explain why they did not happen. In other historians one could understand this restraint. Mr. Butterfield, however, has elsewhere displayed a talent for general speculation; and he has surely an answer to the questions which he provokes. Perhaps his trio of publications is designed to show that speculation is unbecoming to the historian, though tolerable in the scientist or the theological moraliser.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

LIFE FOR ART'S SAKE

Rilke: Man and Poet. By NORA WYDENBRUCK. *Lehmann.* 18s.

"Fame, after all, is only the aggregate of all the misunderstandings that gather around a new name," Rilke wrote in his monograph on Rodin. The aptness of this remark is proved by too many of the memoirs, evocations and critical studies of Rilke published since his death in 1926. Few poets have been subjected to so much posthumous adoration; and his own reticence seems only to have intensified the curiosity of his readers and encouraged the indiscretion of his friends.

As Countess Wydenbruck points out, it is difficult for a biographer of Rilke to be unbiased. "Rilke remained a poet even when he was washing his hands"; this phenomenon, noted by Rudolf Kassner, accounts for the almost mythical significance attached to everything he did or failed to do. If, like other poets of his generation—Yeats, Valéry and George—he believed in the need for masks, he wore his so consistently that it became his face. His conversation and his correspondence were conducted on the same plane as his poetry; and those who dislike his personality are very apt to condemn his works. To a rare degree, the course of his life seems to have been determined by his development as a poet—not vice versa, as is usually the case.

This does not mean that Rilke was a "pure" poet, a practitioner of "art for art's sake"; those who misinterpret his fastidiousness are more likely to accuse him of enduring life for art's sake. His sensibility and his awareness were such that he did his best to guard them against shock and misuse; he looked upon himself as a musical instrument which, being defenceless, must be kept out of the hands of bunglers and beginners. Yet it was the music that mattered, not the instrument. On those grounds Countess Wydenbruck defends Rilke against the charge of egoism and, by implication, of snobbery; when Rilke refused the offer of a small house because "when it spoke of the past, it would do so in the accents of a charwoman," he was not expressing a lack of sympathy with the lower classes, but admitting his own dependence on environment. The Countess calls Rilke "the most sensitive man of the century," and shows that it was precisely his lack of robust egoism that made him shrink from emotional entanglements; he was unable to assert himself or to harden himself against others.

At the same time the Countess does not try to conceal the failing which caused Rilke so much suffering and self-reproach:

> He could not imitate the saint or the ascetic and turn away definitely from all things human, because in them he found the sustenance of his art—but he was neither strong enough nor selfish enough to live with humans and yet remain indifferent and detached.

Many of his friendships and liaisons are touched upon in this work, and the author's comments provide a sound antidote to the sentimental exaggerations contained in such books as *Rilke and Benvenuta*. Rilke's relationships with Marthe, an obscure Parisian girl, with Rodin, with Eleonora Duse and with Ellen Key, the Swedish feminist and pedagogue, are treated with sympathy. A long chapter is devoted to Princess Marie von Thurn und Taxis-Hohenlohe, whose relationship with Rilke is given special prominence.

Rilke: Man and Poet is the most balanced and the most richly documented biography of the poet that has yet appeared. Inevitably, it is not complete; while, viewed externally, Rilke's life was not eventful and not many facts remain to be discovered, the interaction between his mind and the external world of places, persons and events was continuous and complex. The biographer is obliged to sift, stress and interpret; and, in order to do so, cannot help referring the reader back to the poet's own works. The emphasis accorded to any one phase of the poet's life must depend, therefore, on the biographer's preferences, literary and non-literary. The Countess has chosen to comment in detail on the first part of *The Sonnets to Orpheus* and on the *Duino Elegies*.

This choice betrays a certain inconsistency: earlier in the book the author writes of the "fundamentally sterile philosophy" of the later Rilke and elsewhere she regrets his hostility to orthodox Catholicism. The *Sonnets to Orpheus* and the *Duino Elegies*, however, are the poetic outcome of the very preoccupations which she describes as sterile. It is true that ten unproductive years preceded the completion of these poems; but only Rilke's constitution can be blamed for this. Rilke never had a philosophy; he rejected every existing system of values, including that of the Catholic Church, because he relied entirely on sensation. Even his "mysticism"—both in the early *Book of Hours* and in the late works—was merely an extension of sensation; when he rationalized and abstracted, as in the letter to his Polish translator, he did so only in order to grant others a glimpse of his world. In this respect he never changed: receptiveness and intuition remained his wound and his bow.

Rilke was, in fact, a hedonist, though an uncommonly discerning one; his sensuousness was of so delicate a kind that it can hardly be distinguished from the spirituality in which it was merged. His attitude to death differs essentially from that of the Christian mystic: love of this life—not faith in an eternal order—was his starting-point. Even in the tragic context of the *Elegies* Rilke affirmed that *Hiersein ist herrlich* ("Life here is glorious") and the last chapter of the new biography proves that he meant those words.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

NEW NOVELS

A Fearful Joy. By JOYCE CARY. *Michael Joseph.* 12s. 6d.

The Road Between. By JAMES T. FARRELL. *Routledge.* 12s. 6d.

I Saw In My Dream. By FRANK SARGESON. *Lehmann.* 10s. 6d.

The Joyce Cary uprising has achieved complete success. The partisans have occupied the strongholds of reaction. All resistance is at an end. The time has accordingly arrived for what is called healthy self-criticism—that is to say, for a massacre of deviationists and opportunist elements. Among those I number adherents of

the cult of Gully Jimson. *The Horse's Mouth* was a sizzling tour-de-force, an unsuccessful experiment by a writer whose creative exuberance is capable of failures on an impressive scale. It depended too much on one of Mr. Cary's battery of talents, his spontaneity of invention, and it exposed its limits. The pace was forced, and the result was a feeling of strain. Gully Jimson was a good thing of whom I for one had too much. But the worst consequences of this rush and turbulence and force was that it left no room for the special quality which puts Mr. Cary in the small top class of contemporaries. This is the quality which was seen in its purest, most isolated form in *A House of Children*, a sense of human nature which was contemplative and lyrical, a celebration of the mysteries of our being.

A Fearful Joy is a very good novel, and a very individual novel, but it too lacks this special quality. It belongs in the same compartment of Mr. Cary's work as *The Horse's Mouth*. It is a boisterous invention, absorbing and exhilarating as a rough passage in a racing yacht, bucketing and soaring through the lifetime of Tabitha Baskett and the social history of her generation. A theme common to both novels is that of youthful passion flickering on into old age. Tabitha, in her progress from respectability to being the mistress of a bounder, kept woman to an aesthete, wife of an armament magnate, roadhouse owner and Victorian survival, returns to her bounder at last. He—Dick Bonser—is a portrait of coruscating brilliance, but every character in *A Fearful Joy*, and indeed every incident and every scene, is credible and smells of reality.

Popular as Mr. Cary now is, this book should extend his popularity still more widely. From now on everyone who can read will be a partisan, claiming to have fought in the revolution. It is easy to see what the end will be. Mr. Cary will write a masterpiece which combines the verve of *A Fearful Joy* with the passionate calm of *A House of Children*. This disconcerting work will be suppressed, Mr. Cary will be quietly shot, and future books will be composed in his name by a special committee.

The writer in America, like the virgin in a Victorian melodrama, leads a life of baleful excitement. Leered at by wicked baronets from Hollywood, ogled by dirty old men from mid-Western Colleges, spoken to in the street by the smooth strangers who edit the Digests. . . . And then the agony of remorse when he wakens in the Script Writers' Building, the long martyrdom in the Eng. Lit. Dept., the fate worse than death endured in the Fifth Avenue office.

"'I'm a writer,' Bernard said, his voice low and throbbing with protest." This sentence is a microcosm of *The Road Between*. I offer it in place of a synopsis about Bernard's talent, his struggle to live by writing reviews, his difficult relations with his pretty young bourgeoise wife, his still more difficult relations with his mortician father-in-law, his flirtation with the Communist Party, and the background of the Buddy-can-you-spare-a-dime era of American history. I cannot quite accept the microcosm. The occasion is a meeting between Bernard and his publishers, who are pressing him to write a book which, in his words, will "titillate stenographers." He says he *cannot* do it. This, one feels, is true. He is represented as being a writer of talent, and talent is a hard thing, not at all easy to bend. So why throb about it? "Fight your little fight, my boy, fight and be a man," as D. H. Lawrence wrote; and he would have considered that Bernard should be shot for throbbing in the presence of the enemy. Mr. Farrell's confusion about his hero's reactions is, in my view, due to an uncritical acceptance of the attitude of untalented writers whose Richardsonian obsession with their cultural purity is largely due to a fear that no one is going to bother to seduce them. (If she says yes, she's no lady.)

It is difficult to believe that Mr. Farrell himself feels very convinced, or is much moved, about Bernard's plight. The style of his novel is tired nd folksy.

Gerry watched him carefully. She couldn't be absolutely sure until they were at the altar. And, oh, she so much wanted to see that day, wanted to prepare for it, with showers for herself, and to talk about it, and count the days, with the fun of getting her wardrobe together, and making her bridal dress and the fittings, and thinking about it all, and the fuss and feeling of importance it gave you.

It would take more than this, and the *Studs Lonigan* reputation, to make us feel that *The Road Between* was a novel of any importance.

I Saw In My Dream is a complete puzzle. How the author of *That Summer* could have written it is something I cannot understand. It is everything which that extraordinary story was not—dull, conventional and feebly written. The style is something like that of the late Lewis Grassic Gibbon, lacking the rhythm and sense of language, but retaining the characteristic use of the second person: "But you had to go, and it was cold in the bathroom cleaning your teeth, and you shivered getting undressed and saying your prayers. . . ." This "you . . . and" has become a cliché of uneasy familiarity. The story, about a lawyer's clerk who goes to work on a farm, is weak.

One failure, however serious, will not exhaust the goodwill and admiration which Mr. Sargeson has earned by his earlier work, but this book is certainly a failure. J. D. SCOTT

WHY DO MEN WORK?

Incentives and Management in British Industry. By R. P. LYNTON. *Routledge*. 15*s*.
Man at Work. By GEORGES NAVEL. *Dennis Dobson*. 9*s*. 6*d*.

In a well-ordered library, I suppose, these two books would stand on different shelves. Mr. Lynton's approach to his theme is that of the social scientist: implicitly accepting the mass-production factory as the fulcrum of materialist civilisation, he is concerned to find means whereby to persuade the refractory human element to keep pace with the superbly efficient machine. M. Navel's book (straight autobiography or fictionalised reportage? It makes little matter) is the story of a man who fled the factory, not because he was work-shy but because he wanted to experience—as woodcutter, fruit-picker, as a member of a gang of navvies—the adventure and satisfaction of work in which hands and body, as well as mind, are consciously attuned to the physical task. To find happiness in earning his bread, the manual worker must learn to think with his body. Such is M. Navel's message; and it is one which the scientific researcher into industrial incentives should not neglect. Indeed, my initial supposition was probably wrong. This vivid journal of a worker-poet should fitly have a place, say, alongside Dr. Zweig's essays in one-man mass-observation, on the shelf labelled Social Science.

It would be unfair, however, to blame Mr. Lynton for lacking the poet's insight into the human heart and the springs of action, and still more unjust to equate his sympathetic study of the problem of incentives with Taylorism or any of the mechanical devices for "getting more out of the worker" by re-deployment or "time and motion" techniques. He urges insistently that management must recognise that the days are gone for ever when the worker was one of so many "hands"; he is essentially a human being, whose attitude in the factory is conditioned by a large number of complex, inter-acting forces. To seek incentives simply in a judicious blend of "the carrot and the stick" would be a psychological error, even if it were not, in the circumstances of today, historically inaccurate. Fear of unemployment is no longer a stick to drive men to work harder. Not merely is full employment implicit in the conception of the Welfare State, and being out of work regarded as a fault of government rather than a matter for self-reproach; in so far as dread of losing one's job operates as a motive, it is much more likely to be the cause of "feather-bedding" and

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WINGATE

output restrictions than a spur to increased effort. As for the carrot, quite apart from such disincentives as income tax, one of the most disconcerting discoveries of this century has been the evidence that, for most workers, money wages are subject to the law of diminishing returns. That is, workers' demands for material satisfactions are not unlimited, and at some stage they prefer to "buy" leisure, by not earning, rather than more goods.

What, then, remains? Altruistic promptings of conscience—"the country needs my output"? With all respect to Mr. Attlee, it is hard to be confident that this argument can be very effective when the immediate, too easily identifiable beneficiary is "the boss." Satisfaction in accomplishment—the craftsman's pride in a job well done? This may be a dynamic motive; but its application to repetition work on a conveyor belt is not obvious. Enjoyment of association—the pleasure derived (since man is a lonely animal) of being one of a team? Here, perhaps, we are getting nearer the answer to the question why men and women—or at least some of them—work hard, even though for 75 per cent of the industrially employed in this country payment is not "by results" but takes the form of hourly wages independent of degrees of effort. Mr. Lynton (rightly, I think) adjures managements to pay more attention to group psychology, to the spirit of the team. If that can be made competitive, half the battle, from the standpoint of increased output, is won.

But how to stimulate the spirit of competitive zeal? Mr. Lynton would say by making the job interesting to the individual worker. Let the factory target be publicised, and let the rational purpose of each process (which in itself may seem meaningless) be fully explained. Let personnel selection try harder to find square holes for square pegs, and let the spirit of joint consultation infuse the whole enterprise from top to bottom. Sound advice: unquestionably the feeling that the management is not aloofly Olympian but sympathetic and understanding forms a real incentive to hard work. Yet I wonder . . . to what extent is life worth living if work and fatigue rob it of its zest? *Propter vitam vivendi perdere causas?* M. Navel has uncomfortable things to say:

> Eight hours in a factory are enough to use up a man's energy. What he gives to his work is not merely his time, but his life, the best of his strength. Even if he doesn't dislike his work, and doesn't suffer from boredom or too painful a fatigue, he leaves it worn out, infirm, incomplete . . . There is a kind of sadness in the worker's lot which is cured only by participation in politics.

Politics have removed the stick from the employer's hand; and now the attractions of the carrot of financial reward are perhaps ceasing to be effective as a compensation for dull, arduous, distasteful work. I am not sure that the beneficient industrial paternalism which Mr. Lynton seeks to inculcate holds the answer to the problem.

AYLMER VALLANCE

A HORSE-FAIR IN VERONA

A Summer in Italy. By SEAN O'FAOLAIN. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In the spring of 1948 Mr. O'Faolain, a middle-aged writer knowing little about Italy, arrived in Turin. He had spent his formative years—"wasting" them, he says—on Irish politics, or in talking Gaelic with old men under West Cork hedges. Within a month he was cursing this lost time, wishing that he had been "lying with his gob open to the sun in Calabria" instead of exercising it at some street corner meeting. With no more difficulty than if he had been in his early twenties, Italy, that Parthenope, had him in thrall. And in *A Summer in Italy* he has re-created that summer of excited discovery, of that long-delayed sensuous and intellectual emancipation; but he has avoided the touch of sentimentality which creeps with such ease into the writing of so many Italophiles.

With an Irishman's perversity his reactions are anything but conventional, and after approaching Florence from the Ligurian coast and Pisa he exclaims that nobody could call it beautiful, and that there is a great deal of stone about! Gradually he came to appreciate more the austere and intellectual beauty of the town, but his enthusiasm was only for its incidental beauties. Increasingly he seems to demand from Italy a sort of topographical *volupté*, and this he found completely in Venice. (The Florentines, knowing this Venetian quality, refuse to allow their daughters to visit Venice until they are married.) The Venetian section is by far the best part of the book, the fine rich prose becoming, at last, completely tuned to its subject. Realising this, Mr. O'Faolain suddenly had to break free from his Circe, or, as he puts it, "I knew it was time to run fast from Beelzebub," and he took the first train to Verona, there to rest a week or two in the cooling autumn sun, visited by memories of the Ireland he is about to return to. A horse-fair in Verona! and his other self asks him if he is more interested in horse-fairs than in Art. "Far more," he replies wilfully.

This is an original book by a man whose quality of mind, quite unegotistically, comes clearly through on every page. He is a Catholic—not a very good one—so that his understanding of a Catholic country is acute and interesting. An old man called Cipolla whom he met at St. Peter's astounded him with his cynical remarks about the Pope and the Church, only to insist that he was himself a very good Catholic. "Dear Signor Cipolla, I salute you," he writes. "You are as legion as your race. And yet I had never known you existed until we sat in that pub under the Vatican walls, which you both defended and assailed with such gusto, and with your finger wandering in the beer stains all-unknowing drew my line of fate." Yet it is strange that Mr. O'Faolain had not met this characteristic of Italian Catholicism before, since, as he says, it is so universal; even Petrarch compared his religion to the love of a son who takes his mother for granted until he hears her attacked. In another passage Mr. O'Faolain writes brilliantly about the importance of holy relics, saying how much nearer they bring the reality of Christianity; yet Catholicism prides itself on being, more than any other creed, a religion of faith. "Proof," in the form of some chips from the Cross, seems irrelevant to faith. And there is, indeed, much in this book to argue about; that is one of its many virtues.

Finally, to exercise the reviewer's perquisite of pedantry on a very good book, there are many mis-spellings which should be altered in a second impression; *J*esuati, Monte*a*perti, Vall*a*mbrosa. Pi*c*a della Mirandola, among others.

MICHAEL SWAN

CONFUCIUS IN WEST TOWN

Under the Ancestors' Shadow. By FRANCIS HSU. *Routledge.* 16*s.*

Since the downfall of Ching Shih Huang, the First Emperor, who unified the warring states of China into a single kingdom, banned all schools o philosophy and buried all intellectuals alive, Confucius has been venerated as the greatest sage of all time, and his doctrine observed as the guiding principle of the nation. His influence has persisted to this day, in spite of modern wars and revolutions. The book under review, which is primarily an anthropological study, fascinatingly reveals the spirit of Confucianism at work in a semi-rural community near the Burmese frontier. The inhabitants of the West Town are of mixed racial origins, and comparatively backward. The fact that they should carry on an existence "under ancestors' shadow" almost in the same way as their compatriots in the more homogeneous communities in the central provinces, proves how vastly the great sage's system of ethics has permeated the life of the Chinese people.

"Filial piety" is the starting point of the Master's teaching, although absolute "loyalty to the emperor" constitutes the first obligation for a man in his relationship with the State. Mere

obedience to and affection for parents does not, however, suffice for the respectable citizen. His first and foremost responsibility is to produce a son, who will carry on his ancestors' line; for, as the saying goes, "Nothing can indicate a man's lack of filial piety more than his failure to offer the family an heir." It follows that the West Towners live perpetually in fear of their forefathers, who are supposed to keep a constant supervising eye on them, sometimes malicious, sometimes benign, but always attentive to the fact that the family tree should not wither.

Those who have sons naturally become the worthy members of the community. They enjoy respect, authority, and above all, a better conscience for having fulfilled an important moral obligation. Those who are childless fall into the depth of misery, trouble and humiliation. If they are wealthy enough, they must face the not altogether agreeable duty of consorting with bought concubines, or adopt other people's unwilling sons, from whom one can neither derive consolation nor expect filial affection and respect. They have to suffer from an acute sense of sin as well, for it is both a crime and punishment to be without offspring.

A man's ideal in life is therefore half realised when his children grow up, get married, and wait for the arrival of a new generation. Then it is time for him to retire from his biological function. It would be ridiculous for him to go on living in the same room with his wife after his son has gone through a wedding ceremony, for the West Towners can see no sense in this continued cohabitation. His sole duty should be to see that the ancestral home is not to be led to ruin by the enterprising activities or adventure of his heirs. In some rich families, the dutiful fathers, in order to keep their sons under control, sometimes even try to induce them to smoke opium. Excess of energy and ambition is not a virtue.

The repercussion of such practice on personality formation is obvious. The West Towners tend to be meek, peace-loving, conservative and "earth-bound." They would not dare to go farther than a hundred miles away from their town, unless driven to do so by extreme poverty which in fact tends to be the result of such an unenterprising existence. From the point of view of the Imperial government there was much to be said for this state of affairs. For one thing, with four hundred million people bred to such peace-loving outlook, the task of ruling was greatly simplified. This was perhaps one of the reasons why Confucianism has been assiduously encouraged and enforced throughout twenty-odd centuries almost as a state religion. Even Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, who is a Christian, saw its merit. During the last few years of his government he determinedly changed from the role of a revolutionary into that of a Confucian, and re-interpreted Dr. Sun Yat-Sen's doctrine in terms of *Great Learning*, the essence of Confucius's ethical principles. It will be very interesting to see whether the Master's teaching is to be again revived in the new People's Republic to facilitate the administration, though judging by all the symptoms manifested so far, there seems to be not the slightest likelihood of such an outcome. In which case the present book, finished shortly after the conclusion of the Japanese war, should have a great sentimental value as marking the end of a long tradition.

CHUN-CHAN YEH

A CHAMPION OF HUMANITY

Noble Lord. By BARBARA BLACKBURN. *Home & Van Thal.* 15*s.*

"If this man goes on, as he now does, telling the truth to everyone, he will soon become the most hated person in England." The tiresome man, whose fate was thus foretold by *The Examiner* in 1843, was Lord Shaftesbury, the great philanthropist: and the tiresome truth, which made him so unpopular, was that barbarous treatment of women and children in factories could not be justified by reference to the laws of political economy. For it is one of the ironies of history that the long-drawn-out opposition to the Factory Acts and particularly the famous Ten-Hours Bill (which kept it off the Statute Book for sixteen years and thereby sentenced women and children to sixteen more years of slavery), was led by the Radical intellectuals of the time, fondly clinging to their beloved dogma of Free Trade. It was not the crusted Tories that Shaftesbury (a Tory himself) had to convert to humanity, but Cobden, Bright, Harriet Martineau and the whole Manchester School, firmly rooted in their own doctrinaire benevolence towards mankind. And it was only the solid support of that reactionary body, the bench of Bishops, which got his Bill finally through the House of Lords.

Economic arguments in favour of slavery are of course unanswerable. They cannot be confuted; they can only be undermined by something very uneconomical—the softness of the human heart once it can be touched. A century ago the time required to reach this soft spot was, either by a strange coincidence or the unfathomable dynamics of psychology, a period of sixteen years. It took Wilberforce from 1791 to 1807 to outlaw the slave trade. It took Fowell Buxton from 1823 to 1838 to emancipate Negro slaves in the British dominions; and Shaftesbury (Lord Ashley as he then was) from 1832 to 1848 to abolish white slavery for Lancashire children. Of recent years either the springs of humanity have become more accessible or our faith in the economists is less obdurate. In 1945, when slavery was reintroduced into this country and German serfs could be bought by any farmer who wanted them, it was interesting to see the old economic justification cropping up with undiminished vigour. Without slavery the land could not be cultivated and we should all die of starvation. But one was glad to see that the Germans did not have to wait 16 years to go home.

Miss Blackburn apologises in the introduction to her life of Lord Shaftesbury for the fact that she is neither an historian nor an economist. She need have no misgivings. Poor Shaftesbury had enough trouble with historians and economists in his lifetime not to need their services after death. Yet his grave is littered with Bluebooks. The official *Life* by Hodder, written in 1886, a year after his death, is not the portrait of an individual, but an addition sum of good deeds presented to the Deity for receipt. Miss Blackburn's delightful book, which combines diligent research, sympathetic insight into character and a very effective style, is intended to show that a philanthropist is not a mere compilation of acts of philanthropy. She brushes aside the cobwebs of statistics, and lets us look once again into the pale set face of the worried young man who freed the little children from the cotton-mills—"the most hated person in England."

As a child the seventh Lord Shaftesbury was equipped for his future tasks in life by a hard father, a selfish mother, a brutal prep. school and a devoted Nannie. Running true to the dialectical principles of modern psychology he reacted against his parents' indifference and adopted his Nannie's simple code of conduct. Nannie believed in the love of God and man—and so did little Lord Ashley. In later life he referred to his Nannie as "the best friend I ever had in the world." At Oxford he took a first in Classics, and at the age of 25 entered the House of Commons as Tory member for Woodstock. Four years later, in 1830, he persuaded Lady Emily Cowper after some difficulty to marry him. A promising career as a minor politician seemed charted ahead. The turning point of his life was to arrive quite by accident.

In 1831 a Tory M.P., Michael Sadler, brought in the first Ten-Hours Bill, and succeeded in getting a Select Committee appointed to investigate conditions in the factories. In the 1832 General Election Sadler was defeated by Macaulay, and the Short Time Committee in the North of England were left without a parliamentary champion. Delegates came up to London to find some M.P. to sponsor their cause, but met

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with refusals everywhere. In utter despair they turned to Lord Ashley, who was quite unknown to them but who had once written to Sadler offering to help. Ashley was flabbergasted; he knew nothing of the subject and felt himself to be incompetent; he asked for time to decide. The Short-Timers were in a desperate hurry and could only allow him 24 hours to make up his mind. Ashley spent the time in consulting his conscience, consulting his wife and consulting God: and took the plunge.

The rest of the moving story—how he eventually manoeuvred his Bill through by hammering at his opponents' hearts and not their heads—how he was rewarded later for his pains by being called a Judas and a traitor to the workers—how he spent all his money in charity and found himself £100,000 in debt—how his old opponents recanted at last and admitted that Factory Acts were *not* the ruin of the country (Gladstone needless to say did so with more pomposity than grace)—how he took up the cause of ragged boys, costermongers, thieves, chimney-sweeps and all such underdogs—how he accepted the Garter at last and was given a funeral in Westminster Abbey—all this can be left to Miss Blackburn to tell in her perfect manner, without sentimentality but with such true feeling that the reader must expect to feel an occasional lump in the throat.

The monument that commemorates Lord Shaftesbury to-day in the centre of Piccadilly Circus on close inspection looks rather idiotic—a childish figure leaning forward to pierce the chain-armour of selfishness and indifference with a non-existent arrow of love. Certainly the symbolism is obscured by the pun. Some well-meaning experts once proposed to remove the insipid little chap for obstructing the traffic. "Unarm Eros! the long day's work is done." Their plan was defeated by a wave of quite unreasonable popular indignation. Yet in a way the popular outcry was right—as Shaftesbury had been right. The long day's work of humanity is never done, however much it may interfere with the traffic of the economists.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

THE FADED AND THE BRASH

Scenes from a Bourgeois Life. By ALARIC JACOB. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

The Two Impostors. By DANIELE VARÈ. *Murray.* 18*s.*

The House is Gone. By DUDLEY CAREW. *Hale.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Signor Varè, Mr. Carew, Mr. Jacob—how oddly, as they tell the stories of their lives, they contrast with one another. If all three were to meet, Signor Varè and Mr. Jacob would not, one fancies, be on speaking terms, and Mr. Carew would look askance at Mr. Jacob. Set them side by side: the Italian diplomatist whose life has "centred round three things: Italian emigrants abroad, animals, and beautiful women" and who, after his retirement from diplomacy devoted himself to the writing of over-sweet books that could scarcely fail to be best-sellers, and to propaganda in England and America on behalf of Mussolini's African empire and Franco's Spain; the cricket journalist, "an impenitent romantic and Conservative" who consoles himself with the reflection that "perhaps if the Bible, Shakespeare and *Wisden* are the bedside books, all may yet be well"; and the former Moscow correspondent of the *Daily Express*, brassy, brash, self-consciously uninhibited, "a lustier-than-Atlas young man, who had felt he could balance the wide world on the tip of his penis" and is now in the throes of a protracted love-affair with the Soviet Union. Yet through the autobiographies of them all, however violently they may differ in tone, mood, method of expression and evaluation of events, runs a common theme, the contrast between two worlds, one dead, the other—but Arnold spoke too soon; shall we assume that the date of its birth was 1917?

There is no need for Signor Varè to underline the contrast, or even formally to state it. Half-Italian, half-English, the son of a colleague of Cavour, born into Roman society, he dips agreeably and not too sentimentally into his reminiscences, quoting as he goes from Dante, Mrs. Browning, Kipling and Jerome K. Jerome. A Fascist, though never, one imagines, a particularly enthusisatic one, he had always worked for Italian *Lebensraum* in Africa, and for English readers the most interesting part of his book will probably be the chapters on his life in London and New York during the Abyssinian War and the Spanish Civil War and in Rome during the war years; they will learn, possibly with some surprise, that "the British Government (*i.e.*, the Chamberlain Government), egged on by its pink internationalists, attitudinised as an opponent of the Falangists." Signor Varè disliked Ribbentrop but liked his dog. There are a number of interesting if not particularly important stories, such as that Chamberlain had had his umbrella for forty years and that it had been four times re-covered, and considered impressions of Ciano and Mussolini. And so one comes at last to post-war Italy:

> *Rome, 3rd January* 1946. I have sold Bettina's diamond necklace and my mother's diamond rings, also Chinese *objets d'art* . . . This is one way of making money in these difficult times.

The contrast between the present and the pre-1914 world is the explicit theme of Mr. Carew's book, the house of his title being at once the Bayswater dwelling of his Forsyte-like legal and stock-broking family and the structure of the society into which he was born; a house, he suggests, which up to 1914 all the generations of his ancestors from Tudor times onward could have understood and found themselves at home in. As autobiography, *The House Is Gone* is less than adequate: Mr. Carew is insufficiently interested in himself. He was at Lancing with Mr. Evelyn Waugh ("Evelyn," he noted in a diary at the time, "will be the Max Beerbohm of his generation, if not something greater") but the glimpses of Mr. Waugh as schoolboy are tantalisingly few. From Lancing he went to assist Sir John Squire at *The London Mercury*. Reporting cricket for *The Times* followed. But Mr. Carew is concerned with his past life only inasmuch as it helps him to evoke Edwardian England. Change and contrast are his preoccupations. Cricket is not what it was; literature (except possibly for Mr. George Orwell) is not what it was. But Mr. Carew is not at all a blind *laudator temporis acti*: where he recognises social progress he praises it; and he shows, it seems to me, a much truer appreciation and imaginative understanding of the industrial working classes outside London than does the advanced Mr. Jacob.

For Mr. Jacob presents the reviewer with a problem. He is much more aware of the implications of the contrast than either Signor Varè or Mr. Carew. Before becoming a famous foreign correspondent he aimed, apparently, at becoming a serious novelist. Now, however, "not for me. . . the concentration on the novel, the laborious spinning out of the threads of the unconscious (like unpicking a pair of combinations until you get a single strand of cotton) which goes by the name of Creative Writing." And really, if his early work was as cheap and slipshod in its use of language as the present book, one can't regret his defection; though, such a monstrosity as "The subconscious infant cerebellum was presented with some rum problems of social psychology" should not be permitted to mar even the most casual of journalism. Indeed, if one is to judge Mr. Jacob by the forbidding ugliness and insensitivity of his prose one can only think that he has a thoroughly mediocre mind; the conclusions he arrives at about politics and the good life may be right, but they are, it seems to me, invalidated by the way in which he arrives at them. At the same time, one perceives the book that Mr. Jacob ought to have written; perhaps he thought

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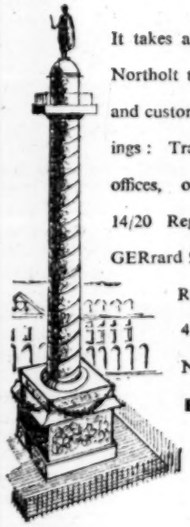

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he was in fact writing it: an autobiography, of the power and intransigence of Mr. Graves's *Goodbye to All That*, showing a young man's progress, from his birth in a family of Empire-builders, through the private delights of art and personal relationships in the Twenties, to an evangelical belief in Socialism. What emerges from *Scenes from a Bourgeois Life*, however, is not that at all, but the portrait of a Superior Person who all his life has been the only one in step, who is given to the rashest generalisations and the most sweeping over-statements, and remains, even after conversion, a frightful snob. Thus, on the fourth page of his book, he writes of the London suburbs:

> The selfish little houses eating into the steadily receding country like a corroding fungus, tasteless little houses in their debased tudory cottagey style, inhabited by little men with their New School ties and their midget cars . . .

You wouldn't gather from *Scenes from a Bourgeois Life* that Mr. Jacob had any first-hand acquaintance with the interiors of those selfish little houses or of the little men with the New School ties who occupy them. He passed from a prep. school, where at the age of twelve he was so "well grounded in poesy" that he "could write a sonnet or an ode that would not have disgraced a much older boy," through an ancient and famous school where the masters "were a rapscallion crew" ("One was senile, one played with little boys and with himself, one shot himself, one rode a motor-bike like a maniac and prayed aloud in common-room, one howled like a dog in the yard when the drink was in him and beat his wife when it was not,") to reporting on a provincial paper and thence to the London office of an international news agency and a flat in Chelsea. He enjoyed the fashionable London life of the Twenties; and then he went to Washington and, after some years as a war correspondent, to Moscow. Throughout all this he—it's the only word—exhibits himself. The chapter on Russia is worth all the rest of the book put together, for in Russia he met people as interesting and as alive as those he might have met if he had looked about him at home. Now that he's back in England—poor old decadent England ("... the very name is beautiful. England. Fresh it tastes, like the heart of lettuce. Majestic in sound, iambic (*sic*) in style")—he keeps a suitcase ready packed in the hall against the day when the "Transport House runners" come to take him away to internment in the Isle of Man ...

WALTER ALLEN

Socialism: A Short History. By NORMAN MACKENZIE. *Hutchinson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

No one has yet succeeded in writing a good history of Socialism; and Mr. MacKenzie is a brave man to attempt it in less than two hundred pages. But because his is an interesting mind, he has produced a vivid book, which, though he would not himself regard it as really satisfactory, is nevertheless stimulating. It is better on the movement since Marx, where Mr. MacKenzie has obviously a real first-hand acquaintance with the sources, than in the earlier period where he has relied upon standard histories and other histories, some of which are not really adequate for his purpose. Thus he does not really treat either Saint-Simon or Fourier except in the rather brusque way of the Marxist epigoni; and he does not see deeply enough into the remarkable dynamic force of the early English Socialists and the Chartist Movement. He writes with shrewdness and common sense about Marxism, and with relative fairness about the Russian Revolution, though he fails to note that, in the struggle between Lenin and the Mensheviks, at any rate before 1914, Martov was a Marxist, and Lenin much more a disciple of Tachev and Blangui than of Marx himself. He writes with acuteness on Fabianism and of the unhappy history of American socialism, though it may fairly be argued that he is excessively kind to the British Labour Party in between the wars. In trying to come right up to date with an account of Stalin's war against the Yugoslavia of Tito, he may well have sacrificed that explanation of the failure of working-class unity after 1948 which is one of the vital problems he has to explain. But Mr. MacKenzie, after all, undertook an immense task, and it is surprising down how many vistas he has looked in so short a compass. Above all, he has the great merit of never being dull. It is a pity he did not take more trouble over his bibliography. Many of the books he lists are traps for the unwary, and some ought to have been remaindered before they were published. Still, the book gives real promise that one day, Mr. MacKenzie will write a first-class discussion of his great theme.

Trial of von Falkenhorst. Edited by E. H. STEVENS. *Hodge.* 18*s.*

The sixth volume of this valuable series is devoted to the trial of Colonel General von Falkenhorst, the German Commander-in-Chief in Norway throughout the war, who was condemned to death on charges of being responsible for the murder after capture of British and Norwegian Commando prisoners. From many points of view, and not least from the juridical, this trial was among the most significant which the Allies conducted. It was clearly shown that the accused was by no means a harsh or unpleasant character. He disliked Terboven, the Reichskommissar, and never got on with the Party. He admitted that his orders to have prisoners killed went against his conscience and his better judgment. Once or twice he appears to have made some effort to mitigate these orders. Yet he passed on to his troops the infamous "Commando Order" of October, 1942, and subsequent orders to the same effect. His defence, ably conducted by a German counsel, was mainly to plead "superior orders." It is for its systematic and devastating destruction of this defence that the trial is really important.

The 26 Letters. By OSCAR OGG. *Harrap.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Ogg is an American calligrapher of reputation who has done much to improve the appearance of American books in recent years, and he comes to the subject of the evolution of the alphabet with a fine understanding of the subtleties of letter forms. His scholarship may not be very original, but he has written, and illustrated with excellent diagrams, a fascinating book. Deceptively his style seems to suggest that he is writing for children, but this is literally a book for people of all ages. He traces the alphabet from the Altamira cave painting, which were the primitive efforts of man to *write* rather than to paint, through the Egyptian ideograms, the Phoenician "business alphabet" until it becomes recognisable in the early Greek alphabets. It is interesting to see how the Egyptian phonogram, a drawing of an eagle and meaning "eagle," became an ideogram when a human face was substituted and meant "soul"; by a process of evolution the shape of this ideogram became the shape of the letter "a." Equally fascinating is his section on the letter "m," which derived from the waved Egyptian hierogiyph for water, which evolved into the Greek μ.

Ack-Ack. By GENERAL SIR FREDERICK PILE. *Harrap.* 18*s.*

Accurately and never tediously the author has written a standard work on the foundation and development of anti-aircraft defence, of which he was General Officer Commanding-in-Chief 1939-1945. After a brief autobiographical sketch he traces the beginnings of A.-A. defence against the Zeppelins in the first world war, using the occasion to criticise the disarmament policies of the successive governments in order somewhat too neatly to avoid analysing their foreign policies. The General fought continuously and usually successfully for the increased recognition and the better equipment of a force that came into being with little of either; with the coming of the V1 and V2 weapons A.-A. arrived at an almost decisive importance which, in a future war envisaged with that fatalism that so impressively sounds just military, the author believes will be even more firmly established. Of different interest are his extremely well reported conversations with war leaders, notably Mr. Churchill; and his mild Irish spotlight has an unintentionally humorous way of lighting up the machinery as well as its pomp. Apart from a spiritual remoteness from policies he so ably carried out in the military sphere, Sir Frederick Pile has written a book that very well fulfils its purpose.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,030

Set by R. K. Buchanan

The Concise Oxford Dictionary gives the following definition: "Sonnet, n. Poem of 14 lines (usu. rhyming thus; pig bat cat wig jig hat rat fig; lie red sob die bed rob or lie red die bed pie wed; or otherwise e.g. as in Shakspere's ss.)." The usual prizes are offered for a sonnet using these words as line endings. Entries by November 22nd.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,027

Set by G. De Vavasour

The usual prizes are offered for a 12-line Epilogue in rhymed couplets, to be spoken before the curtain (in the traditional manner) by one of the characters for any play by Ibsen, Strindberg, Eugene O'Neill Chekhov, or Maugham.

Report by G. De Vavasour

The Epilogue—spoken in *character*, and not by Miss —— as herself—is surely the only acceptable curtain speech. Part apology, part admonition, it gives the audience at once its reassurance, its moral and its *congé*. Entries that gave none of these failed to evoke the theatre, and so were out of the running. Those based on Ibsen and Tchekov were the most successful; Strindberg was avoided (Why? O'Neill was not). Pondering on the lesson of all this, I award a guinea each to G. J. Blundell, Allan M. Laing, H. J. R., Isabel Finlayson, and R. J. P. Hewison, and 10s. 6d. each to Pithecus and J. Raymond Majer. Honorable mentions go to Edward Blishen, H. A. C. Evans, A. M. Sayers, J. W. B., W. H. Victory, and J. F. Kermode.

EPILOGUE TO "A DOLL'S HOUSE," SPOKEN BY ELLEN

So, gentles, our play's chord is not resolved.
Perhaps the problem's rather posed than solved.
Yet, if this curtain finds you still perplexed
At what it falls on, pray you, be not vexed.
Blame play nor cast, but strive you each to find
Sequels to suit the cast of his own mind.
The sentimental cry, "She will return!"
The feminists, "Let Torvald vainly yearn!"
Cynic and realist say, "Blank night's ahead!"
Idealists, "Nay, a miracle instead!"
Think what you will, so you at truth not blink;
We've played our part if we have made you think.

G. J. BLUNDELL

EPILOGUE TO "A DOLL'S HOUSE," SPOKEN BY NORA

Good friends, time's wheel inexorably spins:
Now our play's done, life's sterner play begins:
Learn, as I've learned, from this our mimic strife
That make-believe can make no happy life;
That tenderest hypocrisy won't do
As substitute for what is real and true.
Life and self-knowledge must we women learn
Ere rights as wives and mothers we may earn;
And men must recognize what empty joys
They win, who treat their wives as pretty toys . . .
May our play catch the conscience of the town,
And every House of Dolls come tumbling down!

ALLAN M. LAING

EPILOGUE TO "UNCLE VANYA"

Enter Vanya with papers

"Plague on't, there's no deciphering this bill.
Oats is't or cats or—" (*see Audience*) "What!
are you there still?
Our play is done. *They've* gone. It's time you went.
You'll hear nought now but estate management,
No more improving talk—*that's* gone to Karkov
Together with Professor Serebryakov
They've gone"—(*pause*).
"Our author often ends his play
By whisking nearly everyone away
To—anywhere—Vienna, Moscow, Nice
And leaves some blighted remnant of the piece
Like me, to lock up and put out the light.
Well now—I'm waiting—come along—Goodnight."

H. J. R.

EPILOGUE TO "THE CHERRY ORCHARD," SPOKEN BY FIRS.

The axe-edge on the orchard-bough
Rings down our scene. Your servant now
I ask for life who need not die
While my rare mistress from your eye
Exacts the tribute of a tear.
Then lend a hand, that many a year
The stage may show in little room
A company to cheat the tomb,
And long in ageless garlands bind
The cherry-blossom of the mind.
These wraiths I lived for; theirs I am,
And cannot part . . . —Coming Madame!

ISABEL FINLAYSON

EPILOGUE TO "MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA"

Spoken at the end of the trilogy. The curtain rises again to display the scene on which it just fell, exterior of the Mannon house as in Act Four of "The Haunted" Outside left Seth is heard singing in his plaintive wraith of a once good baritone, the chanty "Shenandoah." He enters, and makes his way slowly towards the house. He ascends the steps to the portico—and then turns and stares into the last rays of the dying sun. He has a stone jug in his hand. He is drunk.

SETH: So ends our story. 'Tain't exactly nice:
But them high folks was allus full o' vice,
O' lust an' crime, an' love as hard as hate;
An' so it had to be, I calculate,
'Til with the latest crime, the last word spoke,
The cuss o' generations will be broke.
Vinnie inside the Mannon house, an' Seth
Outside, each in our fashion waits fur death.
But which of us d'ye think kin last the longer?
An' are her sperrits, or my licker, stronger?
Wal, folks, that's it. We hope you liked our plays,
An' now we turn to you fur blame or praise.

He takes a pull at the stone jug, winks at the audience and walks slowly down the steps. The sun has now quite set etc., etc., etc.

R. J. P. HEWISON

EPILOGUE TO "THE CHERRY TREE"

Ladies and Gentlemen, our play is done,
But more than night succeeds the setting sun.
Gone are the persons of our mimic story.
Not wreathed, alas, in any clouds of glory.
Save for one ancient servitor forgot,
The house lies empty, soon to fall to rot;
No longer throbs the air with ceaseless talk.
Or strokes at billards—both a miss in balk.
The tree is felled, the fateful blows still sound
That bring the fruitless branches to the ground.
But peer into your hearts and each will see
In his own garden his own Cherry Tree.

PITHECUS

EPILOGUE TO "GHOSTS," SPOKEN BY PASTOR MANDERS

Kind friends, before you journey home to bed
Recall the words that Pastor Manders said;
It is our hope that these few words express
A warning on the dangers of excess.
This lad, so young, returned to dust too soon,
Has lost the sun while crying for the moon;
The mother, guilty, has life's debt repaid,
And so her mortal sin is justly weighed.
Then pause dear friends, reflect and turn away
When foul Temptation presses you to stay;
When fortune smites you, turn the other cheek.
Goodbye, I'll see you all in church next week.

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eight people have been invited to give their views in the following articles:

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Principal Lionel Elvin
The Universities and Social Change

Professor Roy Pascal
The Universities and Social Purpose

A. E. Teale
An Examination of Intellectualism

Professor John Morrison
Socrates and the Professors

John Adams
Aims and Methods

D. J. Davies
Work and the Universities

Lord Simon of Wythenshawe
University Crisis? A Consumer's View

In the same issue Lord Lindsay of Birker has written an account of the work of "The Commission on German Universities"—on which he was the only British member.

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